No. 887
Friday
15 Dec. '95

# PRIVATE EYE

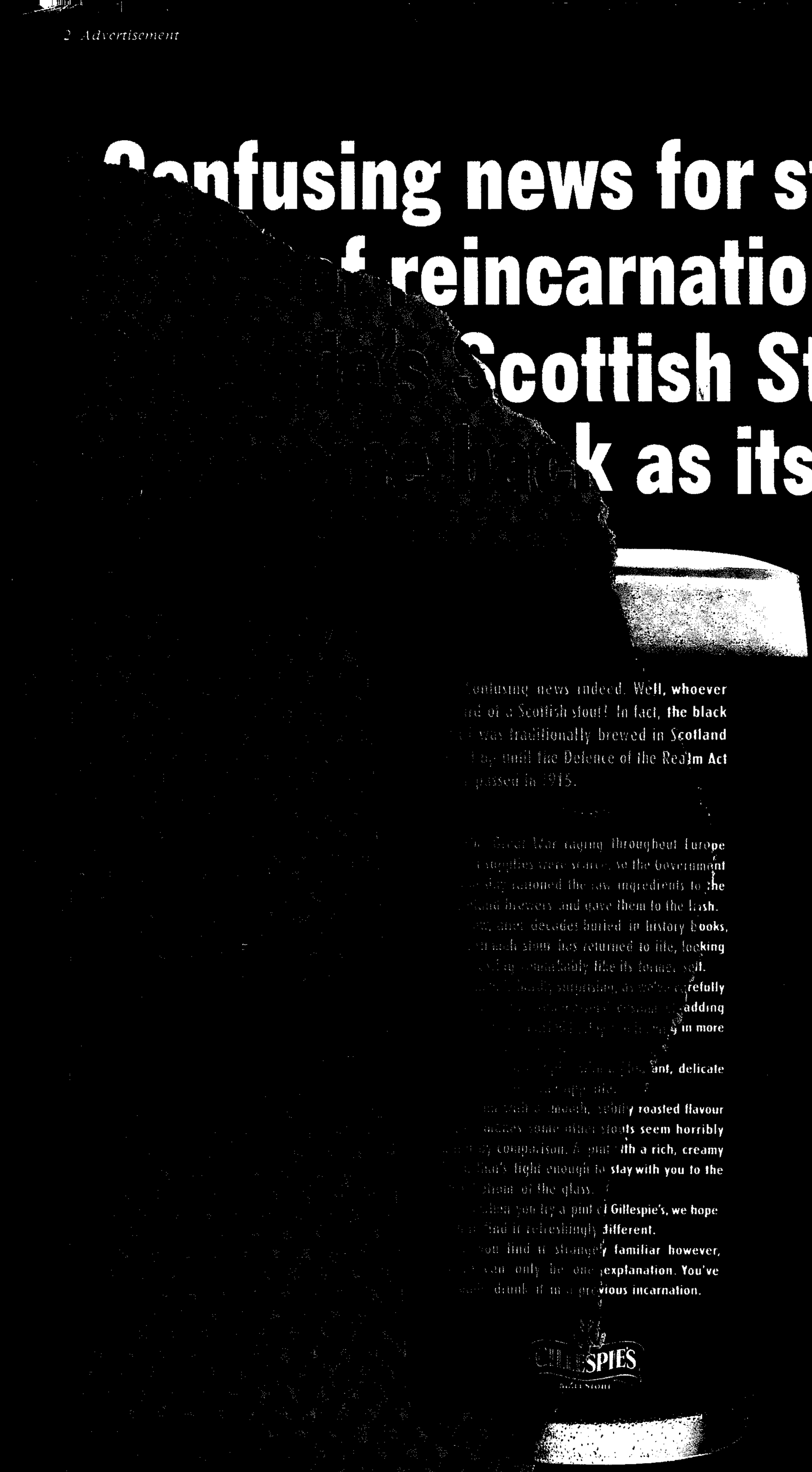
£1

# SEASON'S GREEDINGS!

PRIVATISED COACHING SCENE circa 1895 *by Mr Steven Bell*

# Confusing news for students of reincarnation.

# Scottish Stout has come back as itself.



Confusing news indeed. Well, whoever read of a Scottish stout? In fact, the black beer was traditionally brewed in Scotland right up until the Defence of the Realm Act was passed in 1915.

The Great War raging throughout Europe meant supplies were scarce, so the Government quite rightly rationed the raw ingredients to the Scottish brewers and gave them to the Irish.

Now, almost decades buried in history books, the Scottish stout has returned to life, looking remarkably like its former self.

It's actually surprising, as we've carefully recreated the original recipe, adding nothing more than a little more time in more

[illegible] plant, delicate

[illegible] smooth, subtly roasted flavour makes some other stouts seem horribly [illegible] by comparison. A pint with a rich, creamy [illegible] that's light enough to stay with you to the [illegible] of the glass.

When you try a pint of Gillespie's, we hope you find it refreshingly different.

But you find it strangely familiar however, there can only be one explanation. You've definitely drunk it in a previous incarnation.

GILLESPIES
MALT STOUT

[illegible] Malt Stout. A reviving Scottish tradition.

# Gnome

## GNOMELOT PLC

THE BBC *Panorama* programme has hit a new low with its so called exposé of the workings of the National Lottery.

Provocatively called "Bribe-a-Lot" the programme appeared to give credence to an alleged encounter between myself and Mr Richard Beardie of the condom company "Mates 'R Us".

Mr Beardie claims that I went round to his house with a sack of cash and said the following words to him: "It could be you! Provided you withdraw your bid. We've all got our price, eh, Beardie?"

Mr Branson claims to have written this down in the toilet.

I would suggest that the toilet is a fit place for Mr Branson, the BBC and anyone who believes this appalling truth. *(Shurely shome mishtake? Ed.)*

It is scandalous that the BBC should have broadcast these allegations, particularly as I offered Mr Birt a huge amount of money not to.

E. Strobes
pp. Lord Gnome
Gnomelot PLC
Isle of Money

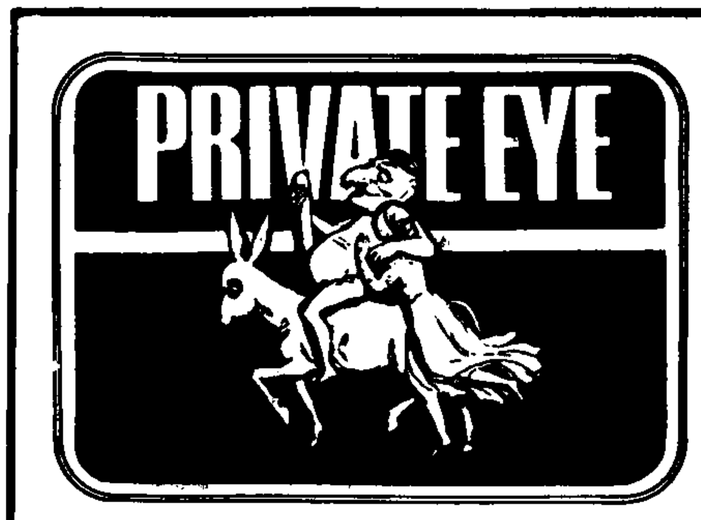
Save £9 by subscribing to **PRIVATE EYE** — and it makes the perfect Christmas present. See back cover for details.


## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£17 per annum. Europe and Eire £24.
Airmail – rest of world £30.
Cheques/POs to Private Eye. Access/Visa.

**PRIVATE EYE SUBSCRIPTIONS**
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
Tel: 0171-228 0588. Fax: 0171-924 3719.
Email: eyesubs@cix.compulink.co.uk

**EDITORIAL**
6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
Tel: 0171-437 4017. Fax: 0171-437 0705.
Email: strobes@cix.compulink.co.uk
WWW:http://www.intervid.co.uk/intervid/eye/gateway.html


# COLOUR SECTION

**LIKE home secretary Michael Howard's father, Mircea Ilin came to Britain from Romania fleeing the racism, torture and intimidation of the rulers of that country.**

Michael Howard's father was allowed to stay in Britain. He built up a successful business in South Wales and his children prospered.

When Mr Ilin arrived here in 1991, he applied for political asylum. He told the home office in detail about his treatment in Romania, where he is a supporter of the Peasant National Party, which is bitterly opposed to the current regime.

In 1985 he was detained without trial for 18 months after attending a protest demonstration in Bucharest. He was detained again in 1987 after refusing to give police information about PNP members. He tried to leave the country, but was ordered instead to attend police stations every Saturday, which he did — although on almost every visit he was beaten up.

In 1990 he was arrested again on a demonstration, beaten with truncheons and detained without trial in Jilava prison. In 1991, he managed to escape and fled to Britain. In 1994 his application for asylum was turned down by the home office. He appealed. In May this year he married a close friend, an English health worker called Margaret Deasy. The home office has proof that the marriage was entirely legitimate, but continued to hound him.

They gave an undertaking to Mr Ilin's lawyer, Mr Ghayur Butt, that they would not try to deport him until the result of representations by Jeremy Corbyn MP were known. In September, however, the Ilins' north London flat was at once surrounded by a squad of deportation heavies known as the Gardner Group after Joy Gardner, who died while being bound and gagged for deportation. When Mr Butt phoned the home office to complain, it retorted that it had given no undertakings. Whoops! Mr Butt had the undertaking on tape.

On 17 November the Joy Gardner squad struck again. They smashed down the door of Mr Ilin's flat. Mr Ilin promptly walked out on a window ledge and threatened to throw himself to his death if the squad made a move to get him. He stayed there for six and half hours until the heavies were at last persuaded to withdraw.

Mr Ilin is now in hiding, but the home office is not impressed. It is determined to rid Mr Ilin of the elementary rights afforded to their boss's dad nearly 70 years ago.

---

***EYE* readers will have been surprised by home secretary Michael Howard's fantastic statement that he is "not minded" to reopen the case of the three men in prison for the 1978 murder of Carl Bridgewater. They might, for instance, ask two questions:**

● How can Howard say that the late John Perkins, the police officer who secured the crucial confession of Pat Molloy, had no record of violence when one of his closest friends, Michael Chamberlain, made a sworn statement to the *Eye* in June 1993 that Perkins "had a reputation as probably the toughest detective in the West Midlands", was constantly threatening or beating up suspects, and in one case had landed a suspect in hospital?

Answer: Howard can do so by entirely ignoring the statement, and by brushing Chamberlain aside on the basis of an interview which took place long before the statement was made.

● How does Howard get round the astonishing statement by the home office's forensic expert Dr Eric Shepherd (published in the *Eye* in February 1994) that the police officers who took down Molloy's confession are either lying now or else committed perjury at the trial, and that the police investigating team under Det Chief Insp Tom Baxter of Merseyside police should be "called to account" for moving the goal posts in its investigation, and upholding an entirely different police story to the one told at the trial?

Answer: By entirely ignoring it.

The officials of C3 have been fighting to keep the men in prison since 1981. They always recommend that no further action be taken on their file. They have been supported by the following home office ministers: David Mellor, a lawyer; Kenneth Clarke, a lawyer; and now Michael Howard, a lawyer. Only one home secretary dared decide for himself: Douglas Hurd, not a lawyer.

If he persists with his cover-up Howard will find himself in court again for yet another embarrassing judicial review.

---

**ASDA boss and wannabe-Tory candidate Archie Norman has endeared himself to his workers in the run-up to Christmas.**

First he announced that new staff working on Sundays would no longer be paid double time, just time-and-a-half. Then staff in some stores were charged 2p for a cup of tap water. Now ASDA has produced a t-shirt for staff to wear over the Christmas period.

It features a Santa figure called "Archie Bear", named after the Leeds-based chain's cuddly boss. Staff volunteering to wear the tasteful t-shirts will of course have to buy them from the store at £12.99 a time. Bah, humbug, etc.

---


● *A Wodehousean Tale* ..... 7
● *The Wit & Wisdom of Charlie Wilson* ... 8
● *Hallo! To Lord Forte* ..... 9
● *In The Tearoom with "Dr" Mawhinney* 10
● *Gnome's Xmas Mailmart.* ..... 22/23
● *Christmas Cracker Diary Special* ..... 26
● *Books of the Year* ..... 27
● *Yorkshire Water* ..... 28


## CHRISTMAS COMMUNIQUÉ

*"While Sinn Fein still maintains that peace can precede goodwill to all men, the British government remains committed to the position that goodwill to all men is, in fact, a prerequisite of peace..."*

**NEWS** ● See Page 7

BOTTOMS · UP
WINE SUPERSTORES

STELLA ARTOIS DRY
Equivalent to 68p per bottle Normal Single 275ml bottle price £1.02
STELLA ARTOIS
THE UNMISTAKABLE CHOICE OF OVER 140 BARS AROUND THE WORLD +

BOTTOMS · UP
WINE SUPERSTORES

This offer is available until 28/12/95 or while stocks last. Available to UK residents only, aged 18 and over. No further discounts apply including shareholders discount. You'll find your local Bottoms Up in the Yellow Pages. Prices correct when going to press.

£29.00
per 6-bottle case
(all included)

# WE LOVE THIS WINE

We travelled thousands of miles to discover

We tasted dozens of samples to select the best

We followed the ageing in barrel and in bottle until the wine was mature

Thus, we are proud to offer you this unique wine never to be found in the

THIS SUMS UP VINOSELECCION:
DELIVERED TO YOUR DOORSTEP,
THE FINEST SPANISH WINES AT
UNBEATABLE PRICES

Send us the slip, by post or fax, or call us.

VINOSELECCION
DESDE 1973
VINOSELECCION
WINE CLUB

**VINOSELECCION**
Club de Vinos (145)
Conde de la Cimera 4
(28040 Madrid - Spain)
Tel 003415339285
Fax 00 34 1 553 07 37

☐ I wish to receive ____ six-bottle cases of **Señorío de Peñalba crianza 1991** at the price of **£ 29-00** per case(all included). I am under no obligation to make any further purchase. I will also receive my free introductory gift.

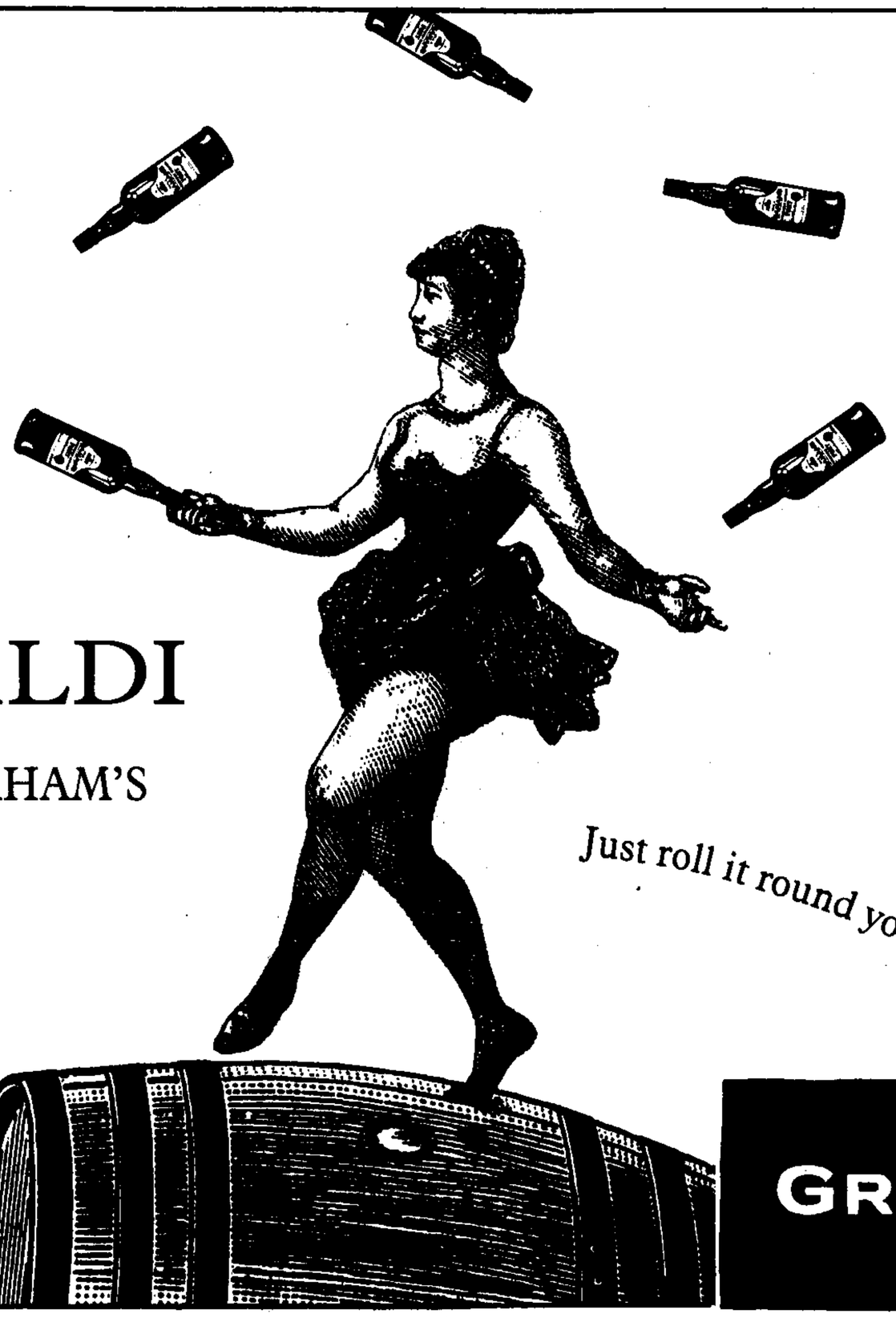
**I will make payment by cheque after receiving the wine.**

☐ I only wish to receive further information on your wines, on the understanding that I am under no obligation to buy any. I will also receive my free introductory gift.

**Name:** **Post Code:**
**Address:** **Daytime tel.:**
**Date:**
**Signature:**

# Perfect for all those Christmas get-togethers.

**THE OLYMPUS AF-10 MINI GIFT SET**
Comes complete with batteries, carry case and 24 exposure film.



# MISS GRRRIMALDI

but never miss GRRRAHAM'S

Just roll it round your tongue.

W. & J. GRAHAM'S PORT

**Ho! Ho! Ho!**

*Funny* Talk

edited by Jim Driver

The perfect Xmas gift. Aspects of comedy by **MICHAEL PALIN, BOB MILLS HATTIE HAYRIDGE, MARK LAMARR, PAUL WHITEHOUSE JEREMY HARDY** and eighteen others plus 12 new **RAY LOWRY** cartoons.
192-page paperback. **£6.95** from good bookshops (ISBN: 1 899344 01 2) or by post (p&p free) from:
**THE DO-NOT PRESS**
**PO Box 4215, London SE23 2QD**
**0181-291 7733** Orders sent within 7 days

'...thoroughly excellent.' – *Time Out*
'It's better than funny, it's hilarious! Definitely worth a read.' – *Loaded*

**BIBLIOPHILE**
HALF PRICE BOOKS

**FREE catalogue we publish ten times a year - over 1600 titles available.**
**ONLY £2 PER ORDER P&P (UK)**
War, Erotica, History, Music, Science, Literature, Nature and sometimes signed editions.
No membership fee.

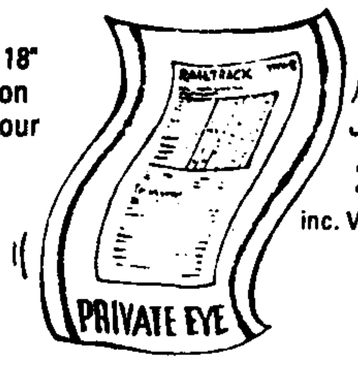
**PHONE: 01715159555 ANSWERPHONE 24 HOURS OR 01715159222 DURING OFFICE HOURS**

**FAX:01715384115**

**POST: 5 THOMAS ROAD LONDON E14 7BN**

**PRIVATE EYE**

RAILTRACK TIMETABLE TEA TOWEL
as appeared in EYE 882



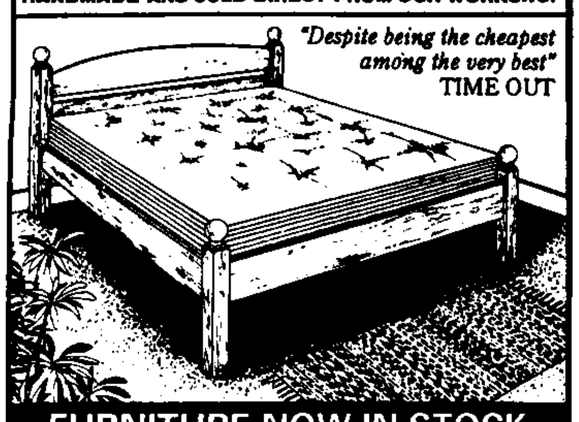

28" x 18" Cotton 2-colour

JUST **£5** inc. VAT & p&p

**Private Eye Tea Towels,**
6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG
*Cheques/POs to Private Eye.*
*Allow 28 days for delivery*

**TAURUS PINE BEDS**

HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR WORKSHOP



*"Despite being the cheapest among the very best"* TIME OUT

**FURNITURE NOW IN STOCK**

242 KILBURN HIGH ROAD LONDON NW6
**OPEN SEVEN DAYS**
FREE BROCHURE 0171 624 3024

THEY CAME DID YOU?

For more details about the most romantic opera season in years ring 0113 244 5326

Funded by THE ARTS COUNCIL OF ENGLAND

# NEWS

**THE future of Plymouth's Devonport dockyard, which won the contract to refit Britain's Trident submarines, hangs in the balance.**

DML, the private consortium managing Devonport, has asked the ministry of defence for millions of pounds extra to fulfil its original contract. The government refused to pay more than the agreed contract (which was unrealistically low), but DML insists it needs the extra cash to carry out the work because of new standards set by the nuclear installations inspectorate.

So the MoD is in a no-win situation: either it pays the extra and the public accounts committee jumps on its back; or it refuses to pay, which will force it to take the contract back into government hands, thus performing an embarrassing political U-turn.

Another factor is that DML is the only bidder for the dockyard itself, and the MoD fears that if it refuses to bail out DML, the company will refuse to buy it — depriving the ministry of a tidy income.

**ANOTHER government attempt to save taxpayers' money will cost the taxpayer millions as Michael Portillo, defence secretary, implements the cuts of his predecessor Malcolm Rifkind.**

Rifkind wanted to give priority to "our boys at the front" and axe civilian support staff behind the lines — naval stores depots at Eaglescliffe, Teesside; Exeter; Devonport and Rosyth, which have supplied the navy for generations. It is not going to plan because the giant Portsmouth naval depot chosen by the MoD as a "waterfront receiving depot" to handle all the equipment is unable to cope with the huge arrival of submarine and ship spares flooding in from the closing depots.

Around 50 lorries a week arrive at Portsmouth with trailers of naval spares — everything from screws to large drums of cable, electronic sonar gear, steel bars, structurals and tubing. MoD chiefs have now had to start using the base at Colerne, near Bath in Wiltshire — hardly a waterfront depot — for overspill.

Result? Massive overtime and fiasco as mountains of stuff pile up in the open air. At one stage the piles of rusting stock were between three and six feet high and stretched round the Colerne base for quarter of a mile. Angry union chiefs warned Rifkind this would happen, but nobody listened.

**NEW managers are being brought in to supervise the running of the nuclear reprocessing and waste plants at Dounreay, Scotland.**

The firm chosen by the government division of the Atomic Energy Authority is supposed to increase efficiency by adding an additional layer of 10 senior managers to whom the workforce will now refer, although a government official will still be ultimately responsible.

Some employees are miffed — not least the old senior managers who remain in their jobs but now answer to the new senior, senior managers. There is concern that complicated new chains of command will lead to confusion over who is ultimately responsible for safety; and a recent incident highlighted concern over divisions of responsibility after four men working for a sub-contractor clearing waste pits suffered radioactive contamination. After the event the site director John Baxter admitted there had been an "internal control problem between two parts of the UKAE".

Changes began at Dounreay at the beginning of the year when W.S. Atkins's director Brian Patterson was taken on to advise John Baxter. Later W.S Atkins, an old Tory favourite, was called in as a consultant during a review of the management structure. The shortlist for the management contract was kept secret. But no one was surprised by the winning candidate — W.S. Atkins.

W.S. Atkins does have an illustrious management history. The company ran the Channel tunnel's famously delayed construction where project costs spiralled out of control. It can also lay claim to the biggest public building disaster in Welsh history. It was the main firm in the Hospital Design Consortium which paid £5.9 million to the government when serious design faults came to light at 508-bed Ysbyty hospital at Bangor.

**COVERAGE of the Liverpool docks dispute has not so far mentioned the shadowy presence of Drake International Ltd, which has recruited around 40 strike-breakers to do the work of dockers sacked by the Mersey Docks and Harbour Company (MD&HC).**

Drake International has registered offices in London's Regent Street, and a company secretary called... Mr Whitelegg. A subsidiary of the Bermuda-based Cadenas group, Drake has borrowed £9 million a year from its parent for the last two years at least, most of it showing up as losses elsewhere on Drake International's account sheet.

The company has accommodated its blacklegs from Kent in porta-huts at the docks — with the knowledge of the MD&HC and with Sky TV and an unlicensed bar thrown in. The port health inspector Bob Beresford has told Liverpool city council that alcohol has been illegally sold on the dock estate and that no planning permission had been sought for the cabins.

**BAD news for the Tories and the post office: Peter Forest, a leading Conservative in Haringey, has been suspended from his daytime job as director of Royal Mail business services for alleged sexual harassment.**

His suspension, which apparently follows some tactless tired and emotional comments made to fellow female employees in a pub, has been greeted with dismay by fellow supporters of "Wild" Bill Cockburn. Cockburn is the Royal Mail's former chief executive whose job on the board of two companies which did business with the post office got a lot of publicity in the *Eye* until "Wild" Bill left for the safety of the W.H. Smug boardroom.

## SIGNAL FAILURES

**LATE last month Railtrack finally cleaned the track at Brighton station, eight months after becoming responsible for doing so.**

While it looked for a private-sector contractor to do its dirty work, old tampons, faeces and other flotsam and jetsam mounted up between the platforms. The station, which has a glass roof, smelled unspeakably in the hot summer weather.

Arranging for an outside firm to do the cleaning takes time because people with no understanding of rail safety have to be trained. Meanwhile the fully trained station staff who cleaned the tracks in the days of "deeply inefficient" BR have to endure the smell because Railtrack won't allow them near the rails.

In fact the contract has still not been signed and the recent cleaning was carried out by Railtrack on an "ad-hoc basis". A Railtrack spokesman portrayed it as an act of charity: "We don't put the litter there. It's litter that the public discard. Obviously it's not nice for the travelling public — who are not our customers (*sic*) but they do travel on our infrastructure.

**PRIVATISATION's alleged aim is to make rail more responsive to the public's changing needs, but rail managers find they can't improve services because the system is "franchise critical".**

This catchphrase has replaced "safety critical" because the train operators are meant to be running shadow franchises — showing outside bidders how much money can be made over a year. If services are chopped and changed significantly in that period, private bidders will have no stable accounts on which to base a bid. Another concern is that the present rail managers could still be clinging to the ancient belief that extra trains are put on to serve passengers rather than to make more money, and developments in that direction are not likely to attract private bidders.

The paranoia about not rocking the boat before franchising has resulted in widespread use of the financial services act, which stops business information being published in case it should mislead bidders for nationalised industries. Even the heavy-weight professional magazine *International Railway Journal* was recently told to bugger off by the Office of Passenger Rail Franchising (Opraf) and Railtrack when it asked about the disposal and use of publicly-owned assets.

Interestingly, it was after the trade press was gagged that the first franchise bidders showed an "immature understanding" of the rail business (to use Opraf's words) and that serious interest in the rolling stock companies and the first franchises was mostly confined to the existing managers. The shadow franchises are meant to be transitional organisations but they have existed for nearly two years already.

*'Dr B. Ching'*

## SHORT STORY: THE DRONES ON CLUB

**ON LEARNING that Harrods boss Mohamed Fayed was a fan of *Jeeves and Wooster*, the P.G. Wodehouse Society recently invited him to become one of its patrons.**

In his letter declining the offer, the fabulous Pharaoh wrote: "You might be interested to know that I have already done my bit for P.G. Wodehouse. I permitted the producers of *Jeeves and Worcester* [*sic*] to use the Harrods depository on the Thames at Barnes for location shooting on more than one occasion... I do admire the work of Wodehouse."

Alas! A mischievous member of the society showed a copy of the letter to the *Times* Diary, which ran an item on 2 December gently suggesting that his knowledge of Wodehouse couldn't be all that great if he was unable even to spell Bertie Wooster's surname.

Harmless enough, one might think. But Fayed's director of public affairs, Michael Cole, thought otherwise. On 5 December he rang the Wodehouse Society chairman, Richard Morris, and, after admitting that he himself had been responsible for the "Worcester" mistake, unleashed a 15-minute tirade of abuse.

"What a nasty little guttersnipe you are," he ranted. "You have confidential correspondence and you want to leak it... Do you or do you not regret the fact that private correspondence that was perfectly agreeable was leaked by presumably your committee or members of your society to the newspaper?" When Morris suggested that Cole might have leaked a few things in his time, the Harrods man was even more indignant. "No I wouldn't. My private conversations stay private... It is the action of a guttersnipe to take a piece of private correspondence and leak it to a newspaper."

This is obviously not the same Michael Cole who had to give up his job as BBC royal correspondent a few years ago after "leaking" the Queen's Christmas message, and who in his capacity as Mohamed Fayed's chief flunkey has energetically abetted his boss in providing all sorts of "private" documents — including letters and bills from guests at the Paris Ritz — to the newspapers. If it *were* the same Cole, he would be a guttersnipe and a Harrods hamper full of humbug, too.

# Street of Shame

**THE farewell dinner for *Express* "editor" Sir Nicholas Lloyd was a sad affair. A sycophantic mock front page, prepared by witless deputy Craig "Bogbrush" Mackenzie, trumpeted:** *LORD LLOYD: life peerage for Sir Nicholas as he quits after 9 great years.*

Lloyd was appalled: although he has been lobbying discreetly for a peerage, it is social death to have one's little hopelets so brazenly trumpeted. But Lloyd remained in character to the last. A whip round for a leaving present gathered a pathetic collection of coins. Yet Sir Nicholas let it be known he didn't want a present — he'd prefer the cash.

**FORMER *Sunday People* editor Bill Hagerty has been musing on the revelation that a newsdesk secretary at the paper was systematically selling his "exclusives" to the rival *News of the World*.**

"Despite what I, as editor, thought was maximum security," he wrote in last week's *Spectator*, "the first edition of the *People*, which revealed Mr David Mellor's extra-marital jollity with Miss Antonia de Sancha, was barely off the press when I took a telephone call from the then deputy editor of the *News of the World*... Almost three and a half years later, I have found out how. Thanks for nothing, Sue."

Er, not quite. What in fact annoyed Hagerty was the leaking of the *People*'s story about Antonia de Sancha to the *Sunday Times*, which he discovered in a phone call on that fateful Saturday evening from the *ST*'s news editor, Michael Williams.

At Hagerty's insistence, the Mirror Group board then instituted a full-scale "leak inquiry" presided over by Alan Shillum, a former *Mirror* news editor. In the course of his sleuthing, Shillum discovered a most interesting fact: that a copy of the *People*'s scoop had been given to Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill on condition that he keep it locked in his desk drawer until midnight — whereupon he was free to use it in later editions of the *Sunset Times*.

And who had given Brillo Pad this valuable document? Step forward, Bill Hagerty...

**FORMER *Playboy* centrefold Marina Baker, who now earns a crust as a gossip columnist on the London *Evening Standard*, has placed her job on the line by reverting to her former profession.**

In last week's *Time Out* the gorgeous pouting hackette posed naked, legs akimbo, to illustrate a piece in which she described her career as a porn model. As soon as he saw the offending picture, editor Stewart Steven called la Baker into his office and angrily accused her of bringing Associated Newspapers into disrepute.

Steven's bollocking lacked its usual ferocity, however. It was after all only two days earlier that he had attended the Londoner's Diary Christmas party at the Groucho club, where at 3am he was merrily bouncing a certain Marina Baker up and down on his knee.

The reaction to the photos at the *Standard*'s sister paper, the *Daily Mail*, was slightly different. Veronica Wadley, its new associate editor, was so delighted by Baker's in-yer-face confessions she rang *Time Out* and asked for permission to reprint the article.

Meanwhile *News of the World* cartoonist Tom Johnston was peeved to read in the last *Eye* that he had been dumped by Baker. Indeed, he claims he dumped her after an episode at the Groucho in which Johnston was gossiping with actress Uma Thurman and a furious Baker shoved a burger laden with ketchup and mustard into his face telling him that would teach him to ignore her.

Next day Johnston read about the episode in a piece written by Baker — which didn't mention who the culprit was.

**EARNEST hacks at the *Indescribablydoomed* have been taken aback by the rough-hewn style of new editor Charlie "Gorbals" Wilson.**

Espying his deputy editor, mega-bore Martin Jacques, across a crowded newsroom the other day, the bald Gorbals summoned him with a shout of "Hey! Baldy!" When Jacques put up an idea for a leading article, Wilson said: "Go on then, Einstein. Go off and write it."

News editor "Mad" Mike Williams, whom Wilson refers to as "Buggalugs", was awoken from his slumbers at 7 o'clock one morning by a phone call from the new boss. "Mike!" Charlie cackled. "What's the news?" Williams, who has difficulty spotting a news story at any hour of the day, least of all 7am, was at a loss for an answer.

Shell-shocked *Indie* staff have now started compiling an anthology of Wilson's wit and wisdom. "If that's a front-page story, my prick's a bloater," was Gorbals's considered verdict on one story which was splashed all over rival broadsheets' front pages. To long-winded leader-writer David Aaronovitch, Gorbals had some friendly advice: "Don't destroy this story with logic. Just shut it."

Gorbals has also been swift to grasp the paper's liberal values. "Couldn't happen to a nicer group of people," he chortled on hearing that France had been paralysed by a public sector strike. Analysing home secretary Michael Howard's decision to veto a European Union anti-racism drive, Gorbals summarised the policy thus: "If you want a nigger for a neighbour, vote Labour."

He has also complained about the space devoted to the conflict in the Balkans. "If there is one thing that really turns the readers of this paper on, and really turns me off, it's Bosnia," he explained to executives with a fake yawn. But there was one story that grabbed his attention — about a computer hacker known as the Black Baron. "This Black Baron," he remarked, with a gleam in his eye, "is he, by any chance, black?"

Oh, and a piece on the Top 40 Gays Wilson called the "longest suicide note ever penned by a features editor".

## JUST FANCY THAT

"I think it was foolish of Julia [Somerville] to allow her lover to take 28 pictures of her seven-year-old daughter in the bath with shaving foam ringed around her nipples."

*— Lynda Lee-Potter, Daily Mail, 8 November.*

"Many fathers have baths with their young children and it is part of the loving, innocent intimacy of family life... The police revealed neither humanity for the child involved nor any sense of balance... This kind of injustice must never be allowed to occur again."

*— Lynda Lee-Potter, Daily Mail, 7 December.*

**AFTER sacking Alexander Chancellor as editor of the *Sunday Hellograph* magazine, Dominic Lawson solemnly informed lachrymose hacks that the replacement, Rebecca Tyrrel, would bring "much-needed originality" and "vivacious new ideas".**

Er, did Lawson read the magazine's "Capital Letter" which Tyrrel penned instead of Chancellor for the first time on Sunday 2 December?

Opening with the words "What's all this then?" she reported that London's police constables want to get rid of their traditional helmets. One plod apparently told her: "We're chasing villains dressed like the chorus from Gilbert & Sullivan." Milliner David Shilling had wittily offered to redesign the helmets, but a "senior police source" Tyrrel had "contacted" grumbled: "They'll want Bermuda shorts in hot weather next."

Can any *Eye* reader spot the difference between Tyrrel's piece and one written by Ben Summerskill that appeared in the London *Evening Standard* on 13 November? Quite by chance that article opened with the words "What's all this then?" and reported that police constables want to ditch their traditional helmets. One told the *Standard*: "We're chasing villains dressed like the chorus from Gilbert & Sullivan." Milliner David Shilling had wittily added that he'd be happy to redesign the helmets, but a "senior police source" had grumbled: "They'll want Bermuda shorts next".

**CHRISTMAS came early this year for the *Daily Star*'s permanently pissed sub-editors.**

The rag led a recent page three with a story about glamorous *Coronation Street* barmaid Raquel Wolstenhulme — illustrated with the caption "Raquel has to make her mind up over Casanova Des" and a picture of a piece of greasy battered cod on a plate.

On the same page, in a story about the *Street*'s Maureen Holdsworth, it printed the picture of... an ear. And next to that, with a story about *EastEnders* actor Mike Reid, it printed a photo of someone else.

The balls-ups were eventually rectified in later editions.

**CONGRATULATIONS to the *Sun*, which devoted the whole of its front page and a column inside to the revelation that "fake" versions of Princess Di's love letters to James Hewitt are about to appear in an American supermarket tabloid, *The Globe*.**

Having explained that *The Globe*'s letters are completely invented, the paper goes on to quote from them at enormous length: "With Charles, sex became a chore to me. I would shut my eyes and pray for it to end. With you, I want it to last forever. When you lock your body into mine, it's as though heaven was our guide in love." Etcetera, etcetera.

It is not unheard-of for untrue stories to emerge from Wapping, but it *is* unusual for them to be openly billed as fiction. More oddly still, the story is co-credited to "Tim Miles in New York" — the husband of *Globe* editor Wendy Henry, herself a much-feared former *Sun* executive. Sadly, there wasn't enough space in the paper to mention this fact.

Any suggestion that Murdoch's minions already know the contents of the real letters — and that the strange decision to run the *Globe*'s bogus version is part of a manoeuvre designed to justify paying Hewitt and/or Anna Pasternak for their publication in the new year ("THE SUN SETS THE RECORD STRAIGHT") — would of course be too ridiculous to contemplate.

**THE fearsome integrity of the *Guardian* does not extend to its richest contributor, multi-billionaire Bill Gates, who continues to use his regular column to plug himself and his Microsoft computer company.**

The column is written in the form of answers to readers' questions. And, as luck would have it, when Bill published a book at the end of last month, one questioner asked: When will you write a book? "I already have," Bill revealed, right on cue. "Its English title is *The Road Ahead* and it is being published now by Viking in the US, Penguin in Great Britain and a variety of other publishers in other countries."

**THE *Evening Standard* must pay star reporter Gervase "Barmy" Webb a pittance — or why else would the eccentric hack moonlight as fire-eater "Captain Marno" at children's parties while wife Sarah-Jane plays the accordion?**

"Barmy" turned up tired and emotional for a recent Sunday booking and proceeded to set light to his hair. Sarah-Jane continued to play merrily upon her wheeze-box until it dawned that something was horribly wrong: Captain Marno was so tired that he was unaware of the conflagration.

Terrified tots were ushered into the freezing garden while adults attempted to extinguish the blazing hack.

*"Ooh... handy"*

## IN THE TEAROOM

**WHEN Jeremy "Gaffer" Hanley quit Conservative central office this summer no one believed that his successor Brian Mawhinney would turn out to be an equally prize chump.**

The new chairman's lacklustre party conference performance — notable only for a misguided attack on the Camden Hopscotch Women's Project — did nothing to shake Downing Street's faith that it had, at last, found the man to trounce Tony Blair. Any initial blemishes, it was argued, could be sorted in post-production with synthesised applause added for the official video.

Since then Mawhinney has proved as reliably useless as his predecessor. This week the Tory chairman is due an end of term appraisal from Hezza, who from his cabinet office command post has been setting "performance targets" for his political colleagues. Here are those Mawhinney marks in full:

**Politics**: 2/10. Mawhinney's summer campaign against Labour in local government was quickly turned into a "new" Labour triumph with its crackdown in Walsall.

**Judgement**: 5/10. By making such a fuss about Clare Short's soft-on-cannabis remarks, Mawhinney predictably fuelled reports that his own parliamentary private secretary Alan Duncan had mooted the legalisation of heroin in a recent book.

**Team-playing**: 3/10. Mawhinney alienated communications supremo Hugh Colver, who savaged party managers in an article in the *Sun* after quitting last month.

**Presentation**: 2/10. The Tory chairman can't keep his temper in the face of tough questioning on the telly. An unsightly bead of sweat forms on his upper lip and he starts ranting like a Paisleyite unionist.

**Press relations**: 0/10. Last week central office fed the *Telegraph*'s political editor a duff story about Lord Mackay warning judges not to mess with ministers during judicial review. The piece was printed as a front-page exclusive before being indignantly denied by the lord chancellor. This screw-up came only days after a Chequers summit with proprietor Conrad Black and senior editors designed to repair relations between the party and the *Torygraph* group. Worse still, since Mawhinney took over, both the *Sun* and the *Daily Mail* have started to flirt with Tony Blair.

**Maths**: 0/10. Despite a savage "downsizing" of Smith Square staff, the Tories remain £15 million in debt and nearly £18 million short of their election fund target. Hezza regards this as a pisspoor performance and starting in the new year intends to run the party machine as well as the government from his bunker.

*'Urquhart'*

**JOHN MAJOR always tells friends he is a "Unionist", strongly in favour of the union with Scotland and the union with Northern Ireland.**

But what is this? People in Scotland and Northern Ireland won't be eligible for the £50 electricity bill rebate dished out to the English after the national grid is flogged off.

The rebate is expected to affect the retail price index, which will in turn bring down the level of benefits. Benefit levels are the same all over the United Kingdom, so in Scotland and Northern Ireland people will get less benefit... because of a rebate they won't get.

**DETERMINED not to be seen to be voting against tax cuts, the Labour leaders cast around for an issue on which to divide the Commons on the budget.**

"Bruiser" John Prescott had a brilliant idea: why not raise once more the issue of value added tax on fuel, which had brought Labour such triumph a year previously? Accordingly Labour put down an amendment to reduce VAT on fuel from 8 per cent to five. Oh dear. Prescott and Co had entirely forgotten that the Scottish Nationalists had put down an identical amendment the previous January — a move the Labour frontbench as a "cynical ploy"! Just as Prescott was building up to his usual early and tedious crescendo, Hezza interrupted him sweetly with a short question: "Why was this a cynical ploy in January and the whole opposition strategy tonight?" Not for the first time "Bruiser" had no reply.

**JONATHAN AITKEN's shining sword of truth has let him down again.**

When Michael Heseltine stabbed him in the back on 13 June by revealing intelligence information that Aitken's old company BMARC had probably sold arms to Iran, he shuffled off the whole matter to the Commons select committee on trade and industry (TISC).

The committee's then chairman, Richard Caborn, protested. He reminded MPs of the previous TISC inquiry into supergun. It was "inconclusive", he said, because "it was denied access to people and papers" (*Hansard*, 19 June). The committee only agreed to go ahead with its investigation when it was assured that it would get access to all the documents and papers it needed.

One very firm assurance came from Jonathan Aitken himself, who was asked on *Question Time* on 15 June: "Will the committee get all the papers, all the documents, MI6 and the rest?" Aitken replied: "Yes. MI6, all the documents. They have been promised all the documents." A spokeswoman for the committee tells the *Eye* that all intelligence documents have been refused to the committee.

Lots of other crucial documents are also being withheld. When DTI officials appeared at the committee's first hearing on 6 December, under-secretary John Meadway explained that even the DTI hadn't yet seen vital documents which the MoD revealed had suddenly been discovered the previous June. Why not? Meadway bravely blamed on the MoD.

The committee still has no idea if it will see the essential documents it was promised, and was meeting again on 13 December to decide what to do next. The signs are that Mr Caborn's fears will be justified, and the committee will be just another pathetic cover-up in a long line of arms sales scandals.

*"Speed, bonny car, like a bird on the wing... o'er the bridge tae Skye..."*

**THE department of the environment's rural white paper was subtitled "a nation committed to a living countryside", showing minister John Gummer's environmental concerns.**

It especially mentions that the MoD should "have a key role to play in working with local authorities on regeneration and land use for the local area". This will involve putting "together packages of land and property for sale which are attractive to developers".

This helpful attitude towards developers is surprising in a paper on preserving rural England — but not so surprising when one notes that the paper was prepared for the DoE by David Lock Associates of Milton Keynes.

David Lock Associates are well-known planning consultants much loved by the building trade. In fact, while writing the DoE paper the firm was also busy putting together a planning proposal to Oxfordshire county council on behalf of the North Oxford Consortium.

This includes such eco-friendly developers as Wimpey, Taylor Woodrow and Westbury Homes, who plan to build 7,500 houses on MoD land at Upper Heyford. Their only opposition is 20 local parishes. David Lock insists he worked on the white paper personally while his staff worked on the consortium's proposal. A strange coincidence that both the final papers are so strongly in favour of the same thing: the development of MoD land.

**IAN LANG, new broom at the department of trade and industry, has spoilt much of his own side's case at the inquiry into building a nuclear waste dump near Sellafield.**

As the inquiry reaches its critical stage, the DTI has casually announced that Lang has appointed a new director at Nirex, the nuclear industry radioactive waste executive. Nirex is the defendant at the inquiry and has boasted long and loud about its supposed "independence" from government. But Lang makes no pretence about "proposing" a new director: it is the DTI which is deciding and announcing.

Even worse, Lang has chosen Sir Ronald Oxburgh, a geologist more familiar with underground nuclear weapon tests than nuclear waste. His last government job was as scientific adviser to the ministry of defence. The dump is plainly intended as a back-up to the weapons programme.

Meanwhile the inquiry has also been greatly entertained by the opposition making its contribution. In true Blair style, it said yes... and no. Dale Campbell-Savours, MP for Workington, opposed the dump; Dr John "Jack" Cunningham, MP for Copeland, supported it. So now we know where Labour stands on the issue.

**UNITED States president Bill Clinton's visit to the UK was fraught with difficulties for the government officials involved.**

First, legions of hacks waiting to fawn over Clinton failed to turn up for their pre-visit briefing. Northern Ireland office chief information officer Andy Wood demanded why — and was sheepishly told that officials had forgotten to send out the invitations.

Another problem arose when the FBI demanded "porta-potties" — apparently "vital for senators and congressmen at draughty locations".

*'Backbiter'*

JOHN KENT PRESENTS
JOHN MAJOR'S SENSATIONAL BIG TOP CIRCUS & MENAGERIE
WHY DOES THE NEW £2.00 COIN LOOK LIKE A FRENCH 10 FRANC PIECE?
BECAUSE THAT'S ALL IT'LL BE WORTH!

# HALLO! THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

**HALLO!** LORD FORTE, my old sandwich-bar chum, is inconsolable: to save Trusthouse Forte his bungling son Rocco must flog their one hope of respectability — the Savoy shares — despite a fortune spent fawning over dukes and cabinet ministers!

How well I recall the lavish pheasant shoots at the Hon Rocco's magnificent pile near Guildford, and the great efforts he made to provide decent sport for his nobby guests. Indeed, one year Rocco was so anxious to provide enough birds there was a certain amount of over-crowding in the rearing pens which led to the outbreak of a nasty pheasant disease.

The birds lost weight — and feathers — dramatically and became so enfeebled, claimed Rocco's gamekeeper, that hired helps had to hide in the covert and actually chuck the wretched creatures into the air by hand.

**HALLO! DEREK NIMMO's charming daughter Amanda and the lovely Amanda Hadden, wife of Prince Edward's spin-doctor, Abel, have "written" a most amusing book:** *Sweet Revenge, Delicious Ways to Get Your Own Back.*

**Unfortunately their best tale, concerning a royal engagement, has been gutlessly censored by the publisher, Hodder Headline.**

**In it, a "military man" engaged to a Windsor princess was caught with a floozie** *in flagrante* **by a sergeant only three weeks before the nuptials.**

**The sergeant kept quiet in return for having his huge bar debts paid off.And the dashing officer? Too easily identified, snivelled m'learned friends obviously incorrectly, as Captain Mark "Swordsman" Phillips.**

**HALLO!** IT WAS heart-warming to see panto star and sometime boxer Frank Fruno on BBC1's upmarket *National Lottery Live* programme. He was wearing a nice pink suit and a modish red Aids ribbon, too.

Unlike so many other celebrities, "Fearless" Frank wasn't wearing the ribbon just to please the PC vol-au-vents for Africa brigade. And he was entirely unrelated to the other Frank Bruno who, at a pre-match weigh-in in October 1987, said he wouldn't shake hands with opponent Joe Bugner "because I might catch Aids".

**HALLO! THE Dominic Lawson-Alan Clark feud continues to dominate** *all* **conversation across the country! But the Marquesa's last foray into this territory seems to have been a little** *economique* **with the** *actualité*!

**I was reliably informed that Clark was furious with Lawson for ringing up his wife, Jane Clark, to ask for dirt on Alan after the saga of the Harkess harpies. Alas, Jane tells me the reason was more prosaic: the desperate Lawson, then editor of the** *Spectator*, **rang to ask why she had cancelled her subscription to the magazine and to beg her to rethink. I suppose every sale counts in the** *Telegraph* **group.**

**I wonder if the Clark household has now given up the** *Sunday Telegraph* **where Lawson is continuing the vendetta against Clark. All something to do with Matrix Churchill... Ah well, all** *too too* **fascinating** (*No it isn't. Ed.*).

**HALLO!** SUSANNA AGNELLI, the glamorous Italian foreign minister, is a splendid specimen of modern womankind.

Although she has no need to earn a living – her brother Gianni is Italy's richest man – her devotion to public service is such that, in addition to her political duties, she also finds time to pen an agony-aunt column for the weekly *Oggi* magazine, advising her notoriously volatile compatriots on how to deal with their emotions.

But now Susanna has a small emotional problem of her own: she has begun receiving the most effusive and flattering compliments from our own Douglas Hurd. "Please help me, Marquesa," she wails. "What am I to do?"

I explain to her that his intentions are entirely honourable: he is merely displaying the harmless gallantry which is the hallmark of the English gentleman. Besides, I reassure her, Hurd is renowned throughout the land for his "safe pair of hands".

**HALLO! SUGGESTIONS that an all-party group of MPs behaved like "lager louts" in northern Cyprus this summer must be scotched. After all, the "mission" included Lady Olga Maitland, our most distinguished parliamentarian.**

**The MP for Sutton and Cheam has long been an apologist for the illegal Turkish occupation of northern Cyprus — but high-jinks? Never! Lady O demonstrated her** *sang froid* **during an earlier visit to the Turkish mainland. She and her husband were seated at a sumptuous** *al fresco* **banquet with a dozen locals when the Turk next to her unzipped his trousers.**

**"Robin," she hissed, rolling her eyes. "He's produced Mr Mouse." Robin, embarrassed, held his finger to his lips. "But," wailed Olga, "Mr Mouse is standing to attention!"**

**Her barrister husband is famously phlegmatic. "Just ignore it dear," he advised, "and it will go away."**

**"And do you know?" reports Olga, excitedly. "When we finished lunch two hours later Mr Mouse was still standing to attention!"**

**HALLO!** SAD news concerning Michael Barrymore, recently crowned Best Michael Barrymore on TV this year (*'best entertainer', shurely?*) during ITV's sparkling comedy awards ceremony.

Michael was put out that the person chosen to present his award to him was the very camp and popular Dale Winton. Wondering if it was a set-up, the sensitive Michael flung poor Jonathan Ross's autocue into the wings and a panicking ITV went immediately into a commercial break.

Poor Barrymore didn't at first realise he was off the air, and was taken back to his seat by security men. He then dashed back on stage during the countdown to the resumed show smiling as if nothing had happened. What a trouper. Last year he also got his priorities right when he left some dreary writer of his show off his table and invited his accountant instead. That's showbiz!

***'The Marquesa'***

**In a symbolic act of peace and reconciliation, Mr Clinton switched on the city's Christmas lights from behind a bullet proof screen.**

*The Times*

*"The Beatles? No, don't like them; they've just copied Oasis"*

# Private I-I-I!

**THIS ISSUE'S rundown of the nation's most self-obsessed columnists, based on the number of incidences of the word "I" per column-inch.**

| | | Ego Rating |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | Alexei Sayle (Independent 28/11) | 2.54 |
| 2 | Jo Brand (Independent 9/12) | 2.30 |
| 3 | Miles Kington (Independent 28/11) | 2.20 |
| 4 | Alexei Sayle (Independent 8/12) | 2.07 |
| 5 | Alexander Chancellor (Spectator 2/12) | 1.91 |
| 6 | Julie Myerson (Independent 27/11) | 1.72 |
| 7 | Jonathan Woss (S. Times 10/12) | 1.33 |
| 8 | Sebastian Faulks (Guardian 28/11) | 1.29 |
| 9 | Michael Bywater (IoS 10/12) | 1.18 |
| 10 | "Dr" John Diamond (Times 2/12) | 1.14 |

*Bubblin' under: Ruth Dudley Edwards. Esther Rantzen, Dillie Keane, Michael Winner.*

## MUSIC & MUSICIANS

**VIRGINIA Bottomley said there would be no broken promises on arts funding. It was therefore no surprise when £5 million was subsequently lopped off the Arts Council budget by the Chancellor. To council clients this means another depressing round of pay cuts, cancelled projects, artistic mediocrity and for some the prospect of bankruptcy.**

The more naïve thought the lottery would change that: at last the arts could be guaranteed generous and consistent funding, allowing orchestras to plan ahead and realise their full potential. Unfortunately for the musicians, under existing rules lottery money can only go on "capital projects". This is splendid if you are an architect with grand designs on revamping the South Bank centre, especially if you also happen to be vice-chairman of the Arts Council. But it's not much help if you are a rank and file player.

But do capital projects need all this public money? Liverpool Philharmonic Hall has just reopened after a major refurbishment costing £10.3 million. It was planned before lottery money was available and was paid for by the people of Liverpool. The same goes for new concert halls in Glasgow, Birmingham and Manchester, and the much acclaimed new opera house at Glyndebourne. The argument that such projects are only possible with the advent of the lottery simply does not stand up.

This week's crisis may prove to be the moment everything changes for the better. It depends how government and voters want to see lottery money spent. Are they happy to watch it disappear into the pockets of consultants, architects and the building industry, while allowing Britain's great orchestras to bleed to death?

*'Lunchtime O'Boulez'*

# TV

**The Queen Phenomenon (Channel 4)**

**Test Match Cricket (Sky Sports)**

**THE rise of independent production companies in the early 80s — a direct consequence of the setting-up of Channel 4 as a commissioning rather than producing broadcaster — was generally seen as a victory for editorial freedom and access in television.**

Only a few dissenting voices pointed out at the time that an unforeseen ingredient in this freedom might be free publicity. What was to stop celebrities simply making puff documentaries on their own terms and selling them to publisher-broadcasters? The effect of this, particularly in the area of arts films, would be to reduce the editorial freedom of broadcasters.

Until last week the worst example of this phenomenon had been a BBC1 *Omnibus* about Andrew Lloyd-Webber, filmed by the composer's own production company. Now, however, Channel 4 — generally the occupier of the higher moral ground in television — has seized the badge of shame, with **The Queen Phenomenon**, a one-hour documentary supposedly "examining the success of supergroup, Queen".

If this was an examination, then it was a rectal one. A breathless commentary spoke of "Freddie's sad demise" while reassuring viewers that he had left behind him the foundations of "Queen's finest album", a reference to the posthumous *Made In Heaven* compilation, released a week or so before the programme. Watching this, it was hard for the viewer not to think, borrowing what the commentary called the "immortal words" of Freddie in *Bohemian Rhapsody*, "Is this the real life?/Is this just fantasy?" But what could you expect? The closing credits revealed that the programme had been made by Queen themselves, produced by the band's manager, who, coincidentally, had been a major interviewee in the film.

If this kind of thing is going to go on, it must now be time for British television to submit to the concept, which exists in American television, of paid editorial programming, with celebrities permitted to buy an hour's space in the schedules at commercial rates and with the screened programme clearly labelled as such. The thought that Channel 4 will have paid money for the privilege of screening this advert really is, er, appalling. What was particularly shocking was the way the film employed the grammar of objective documentary so that a

*"Jesus of Nazareth, King of Kings... This is Your Life"*

reference was made to "rare footage" — usually the clue to some kind of impressive journalistic or research work — when all that was meant here was that the band was making carefully controlled use of home videos. *The Queen Phenomenon* was the lowest point in a queasy phenomenon in TV.

A different conflict of interest afflicts the coverage of the England-South Africa cricket series on Sky Sports. Newspapers in the last two weeks have been full of pieces about how impressive the Sky coverage is, and, in particular, what an excellent commentator new boy Ian Botham is proving to be. Most of this stuff, it is true, has appeared in Murdoch papers under the usual scratch-back rules. But a surprising new aspect of cross-media promotion has emerged. A huge piece on the *Daily Telegraph* sports pages extolling Botham's virtues at the mike was written by former Hampshire captain Mark Nicholas, *Telegraph* sportswriter but also Sky commentator. The Nicholas connection has led to several other favourable mentions of the telly coverage in the sports section. Is Conrad Black aware of the role of one of his papers in boosting Rupert Murdoch's interests?

It needs to be said — not least because Sky is gradually buying up most televisable sports — that its cricket coverage is at best mediocre, with Botham its weakest element. In a stupid row over exclusivity the channel lost Geoffrey Boycott, its best summariser and the only one able to explain the technicalities of the game to non-players. Presenter Charles Colville is increasingly Alan Partridge for real, all gung-ho chauvinism, shrieked excitement and moral pomposity about the rules of the game.

Of the remaining gang of ex-cricketers only Gower makes any attempt at verbal variety and elegance. The rest operate in a largely bewildering jock-speak, with Nicholas himself dangerously addicted to the comment that "that ball went big on him" to describe unexpected bounce. After one dismissal in the second test, Botham repeated three times the same comment: "Bit of a haymaker, that shot... good catch low down". His only hope of being regarded as a good commentator, short of articles by Mark Nicholas, is to make a documentary saying that he is and sell it to Channel 4.

*'Square Eyes'*

# MEDIA NEWS

**WHATEVER the financial pressures, ITN will surely succeed in preventing Sky from seizing the contract to supply ITV's news service, including the oft-threatened** *News at Ten*. **Not even supine John Major or Virginia Bottomley would permit Murdoch to control the most watched television news bulletins, although the next government may be prepared to debase itself to that extent in the quest for sympathetic press coverage.**

Undoubtedly, however, Sky's manoeuvring will lead to further cuts at ITN, which has already seen mass redundancies and slashed programme budgets. Less obviously, the pressure on ITN allows Murdoch to increase his influence over radio news.

The BBC now commands less than half the entire radio audience, a share which seems set to continue falling. Local commercial stations take feeds from either IRN or Network News: the former is now part of ITN, the latter depends on Sky for its basic reporting. When it comes to the national commercial stations, IRN holds the contracts to supply Classic FM and Talk Radio, while Virgin depends on Network-Sky.

The more pressure Murdoch applies on his rival's core television service, the harder ITN will find it to compete against Sky's growing supply of radio news. Even though Murdoch has no shareholding in Virgin or the local commercial stations which carry Sky's mediocre reports, every fall in BBC radio's audience means his share of the media pie stealthily increases.

**LIVETV's hottest programme idea,** ***Topless Darts*****, has finally been filmed.**

The brainchild of Kelvin MacKenzie, the soft porn slot is tipped as a winner by the station's bosses. The series has already had one of the biggest budgets of the loss-making station (more than £9 million, according to a leaked draft business plan for 1996), and all the crew were flown out to Sydney to shoot the darts matches.

The pilot — a bunch of English topless women cavorting in a dingy Docklands studio — was considered too sleazy. Instead the series will feature Australian tanned beauties throwing darts on the beach. Unfortunately the games will lack any sporting integrity: the topless women were so crap at darts that they will only be seen launching the arrows. Shots of the darts hitting the board were taken as cameraman and presenter took it in turns to throw.

**WHEN broadcasters want a balanced view of their industry and the government's proposed relaxation of media ownership rules, the choice of trade mags —** *Broadcast* **or** *UKPG* **— is no choice at all because both now belong to EMAP.**

Not only that, but EMAP is a biggish noise in broadcasting itself with the maximum number of local radio licences allowed — a limit the government is proposing to abolish.

Will both sides of this debate be fully covered in EMAP mags?

# COMPUTER NEWS

**IN JULY this year Microsoft came under fire for hiding a search facility in its new MSN registration software, which without the user's knowledge scanned the user's disk for rival programs.**

The company denied this was the case, but was forced to backtrack after the American investigative journalist Andrew Schulman — who has previously used his programming skills to uncover many of Microsoft's dirty tracks — proved that the "sniffer program" was sending details of more than 100 of the user's programs back to Microsoft. The company also denied that it was using this new spying technology for junk mail purposes — but somebody is.

When *Eye* reader Steve Jones bought a copy of *Maxim* magazine last summer with a "No Anorak Required" CD-ROM, he had to call Microsoft from his computer to receive some codes which unlock games on the CD. Microsoft asked for Mr Jones's personal details. Wary of any "registration wizard", he passed on a false name, address, telephone and fax numbers: Mr R. Head, 3 Railway Cuttings, Bollox, Surrey. But lo and behold, a couple of months later, at 1am, his fax machine received an exciting letter from Eric Fuller of Dennis Publishing — *Maxim*'s publisher.

"Dear Mr Head," it began, "As a loyal reader of *Maxim* magazine, I'd like to tell you how to save £££s..." Yes, the software on the CD-ROM had managed to deduce Mr Jones's correct phone number by interrogating his computer — the information then somehow finding its way to Dennis.

Mr Jones compares the intrusion to a burglar breaking into his home to go through his address book and has complained to the data protection registrar.

*'Anna Rak'*

# NOOKS and CORNERS

**THERE is a sorry tale — and one typical of our times. It is the story of how a fine building has been degraded and neglected by a mixture of greed, stupidity and inertia.**

The old assize court in Devizes is, or was, a handsome Ionic pile built in 1835. An early work by Thomas Henry Wyatt, it is one of the best buildings in the Wiltshire town but, naturally, it was superseded as a courthouse and so was found to be surplus to requirements.

In 1987 the county council sold it to a firm of local builders, Messrs Davis & Dyke. It was then intact, although suffering from dry rot. The new owners hoped to make a killing by converting it into offices and selling it on, and English Heritage offered a grant of £100,000 to restore the fabric. But the builders did not move quickly enough and the commercial market collapsed.

So then our local speculators decided to make the building into "luxury flats". This required cutting up the grand entrance and courtrooms with new floors and partitions and the insertion of new windows. Neither English Heritage nor Kennet district council was much amused and so declined to grant the necessary consents, and English Heritage withdrew the offer of a grant. Eventually, however, as the building continued to stand rotting, planning permission for 20 flats was granted last May so that at least the stone exterior might be saved — the interior now seems a lost cause thanks to decay and stripping out.

But today the bottom has dropped out of the residential market and — for the second time — the old assize courts failed to find a buyer at auction last month. "Devizes assize courts could be left to fall down... the desperate owners... say they have run out of ideas..." says the *Devizes Gazette and Herald*.

" 'We can do nothing more'," claims Mr Roger Davis of Davis & Dyke. " 'We don't have the money to restore it. We feel like applying to pull it down, but at best the only solution is to let it rot or eventually fall down'." Really? When the owners of listed buildings — and this one is grade II — deliberately let buildings rot, they can be served with a repairs notice or are subject to compulsory purchase by the local authority. So is Kennet district council going to do anything? Naturally not; the council's "economic development officer Alan Houghton said the plight of the assize courts was not necessarily a local authority problem." Why not?

" 'I put the blame for this firmly at English Heritage's door,' said Mr Davis." Well, he would, wouldn't he? "An English Heritage spokesman declined to comment..." As for me, I blame the county council for selling a decent civic building to a firm who behaved like cowboys; I blame English Heritage for being feeble; and I blame Kennet district council for being supine and useless and failing to act responsibly. But what matters is that a fine piece of architecture has been despoiled for no good reason. Devizes, blessed like all the south of England with roads and shopping centres, is not so wonderful that it can lose buildings of this quality. So much for the listed building system.

***GOOD NEWS, however, for a building contemporary with the assize courts which now has a better chance of survival: it is the Roman Catholic church of St Francis Xavier in Hereford, whose plight I described in Eye 840.***

***I am happy to report that the congregation is fighting back. In July the "Friends of St Francis Xavier" were established with the aim of restoring the church and keeping it in use. The Duke of Norfolk has now agreed to be patron. And, so rumour has it, the silly Archbishop of Cardiff now realises he has blundered and is secretly going cap-in-hand to English Heritage for (more) grant-aid. If he had done that a long time ago the decay would not have gone as far as it has. Good luck to the Friends of St Francis Xavier and Happy Christmas to all my readers.***

*'Piloti'*

# Pseuds Corner

**His (Damien Hirst's) meat pieces are often dismissed because of a perceived Hammer-House-of-Horror dimension. But most seem refreshingly direct and emotional to me, like Orwell's *Animal Farm*. Take *Mother And Child*, the bisected cow and calf carcasses now showing at the Tate. Surely this animal equivalent of a single mother will strike all sorts of chords with the millions who heard Diana discussing self-mutilation, or with the Tories' persecution of single mothers. And then, of course, there are the Wests.**

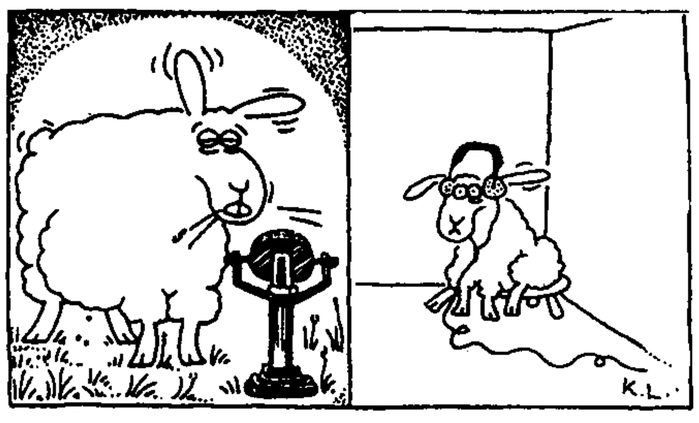
**JAMES HALL**
**The Guardian**

*[David] Bowie's movements were fluid and forceful, and his body language was a mixture of defiance and self-sacrifice. His every grand gesture underlined the demise of pop, the decrepitude of art and the desecration of all that was once held sacred. He was dancing the death of the 20th century.*

**KEVIN COURTNEY**
**Irish Times**

**Consider the glow of the radish, lambent in the soft sun of mid-November; or admire the cabbage with its flamenco dancer's flounces. Linger awhile by those carrots of strong orange dress and subtle plume, laid side by side like so many soldiers at rest; and rejoice, also, in those roadside courgettes with their exultant length and perky green. But the empress of the British pavement, the greengrocer's Helen of Troy, is unquestionably the aubergine...**

**Times Leader**




A-baa is a live audio transmission of a sheep grazing a green field in Devon to a white gallery in London for the listener to ruminate over... This sound is simple, almost banal, without heavy (or indeed any) visual images and operates simultaneously across a range of spaces; between the ears, from the space of production, the field, to the space of consumption, the gallery, through the medium of exchange, the space of the Internet.

**Camerawork Press Release**

Jackfield Bridge must rank with the prettiest structures ever. Elegant too. And distinctly feminine-full-frontal and unashamedly so.

A sculpture with function. It is a wondrous celebration of the Art of the Engineer. To be seen, experienced, admired... and to be used as an everyday artefact. An enlightened fact of life. Would there were more.

It is anti-alienation.

I view it with joy. Yet there is more than that...

There is an uncommented sexuality, minimalist and female. Challenging and proud. Enticing also.

Symbolism — mostly, though not by any means all, phallic true, present and acknowledged in Phaoronic structures. Intended and unobscured. Stated at origin and both admired and admonished thereafter. Then why not here at Jackfield Bridge, UK 1995?

Sexuality a prime drive motivator, ever, ever present. An urgent, prime, natural force, to be identified, understood perhaps, utilised, recognised. Too important, too powerful to be ignored, too necessary.

Can the dialogue convince my fellow engineers?

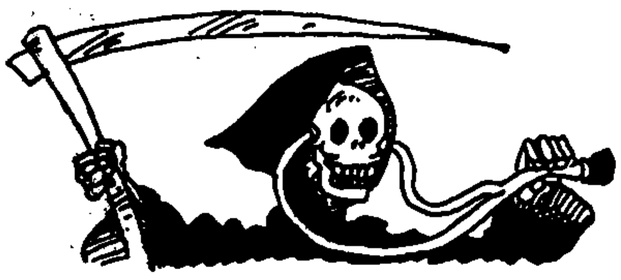
**GRAEME HUGHES**
**Letter in New Civil Engineer**

*Of course, Mr C has his fair share of critics, who deride his attempts to raise the dance phenomenon's ontological debate, the discourse of disco. But if he fails in his attempts to convey a deeper, more complex and subtle appreciation of the post-modern dance ritual, he at least has the courage to try.*

**ALIX SHARKEY**
**Independent Magazine**

CONTRIBUTORS: Everyone, B. McKeown, J. Young, P. Wilson, Everyone Else, P. Skelton.

**£10 paid for entries**



## DOING THE ROUNDS

**"OVERALL there is inadequate provision of high dependency beds across the country and this is something that should be addressed very urgently. It is pointless to perform major surgery on patients who are physiologically compromised unless there are facilities for those patients to recover post-operatively."**

So said the fourth annual *Independent National Enquiry into Perioperative Deaths in England, Wales and Northern Ireland*. Of the doctors surveyed, 81 percent had access to intensive care beds but only 21 percent had access to high dependency units, which closely monitor patients who are still too sick to return to a general ward.

Lowlights of the 19,816 deaths that occurred within 30 days of operation include a 70-year-old man who underwent emergency surgery to repair a strangulated hernia only to find the recovery room was closed for the night (he died 15 hours later) and a 54-year-old man who was admitted to a university hospital with a head injury. No neurosurgery bed was available and the CT scanner was out of commission, delaying the diagnosis. When the need to operate was spotted the two specialists were busy opening someone else's skull, resulting in a five-hour delay. He died 16 days later.

● AT **Birmingham's general hospital**, the tiny minor injuries unit that replaced the casualty department may itself soon close because patients can't find it. As many as eight patients a day use the unit, which is buried in a former nurses' home.

● AMONG the many successful examples of private finance initiative in the NHS is **Pall Mall**, a private company that employs cleaners for **Uxbridge hospital, west London**.

Pall Mall has certainly taken the initiative, cutting the wages of Asian women cleaners, some of whom had worked at the hospital for 15 years, by £30 a week to £3.54 an hour. They were also asked to hand over their passports for photocopying. As a hospital spokesman put it: "It's nothing to do with us. The women belong to Pall Mall now and they're a perfectly reputable company."

● AT **Coventry's Walsgrave hospital**, 81-year-old Olive Wood has had her major surgery cancelled twice because of a lack of intensive care beds. On each occasion, she waited eight hours on the ward and was given a pre-med before being told the news.

Also in short supply at the Walsgrave are nurses, with managers forced to fly to **Ireland** and **Holland** to recruit. The crisis, not helped by a 12 percent increase in emergency admissions, has forced the postponement of many routine operations, although **West Midlands RHA** has ringfenced £5 million to reduce the waiting list for select non-emergencies to three months. Trust chief David Laughton is not impressed: "The money would be better spent tackling the emergency bed crisis and staff shortages."

● IT TOOK 41 minutes for **Southsea** cook Peter Jones to make the emergency ambulance trip from his home to **Cosham's Queen Alexandra hospital** after his heart attack because the crew decided to drive to Eastern Rd ambulance station and swap shifts on the way. As Mr Jones put it: "I dont think they thought it was as serious as I did. The second crew realised I was having a heart attack and stuck a needle in my arm straight away."

● THE occupancy rate for acute psychiatric beds has reached 130 percent in some inner city areas, with 30 percent of beds used by two patients every day. Even in rural areas such as **Devon, East Anglia** and **Cheshire**, the rate has topped 100 percent. As mental health act commission chair Viscountess Runciman said: "Staff simply cannot be expected to work effectively in conditions like these." Whether the patients can sleep effectively is unclear.

● THE cost of building the new wing at **London's Guys hospital** continues to soar, with the predicted £75 million having been more than doubled. The project is also three years behind schedule and has not been helped by the use of copper piping that has already started to corrode and which, after three independent investigations, has been found to be made "of the wrong sort of substance". The delay has prompted the Imperial Cancer Research Fund to threaten to withdraw its annual £300,000 donation and Philip Harris, who has already refused to allow the new wing to bear his name, is reconsidering his £6 million donation. For the medical staff, the delays have forced the breast cancer team and patients to endure dreadful working conditions and the pathology team is now based in what was once a male toilet.

● DESPITE being up and running for several months now, the **acute elderly admissions unit** at **University hospital Leeds** has not been able to cope with the influx. Ninety beds were closed in the elderly medicine department when Ashley Wing was sold to Charles Thackray, makers of surgical instruments, to become a medical museum. The emergency unit has far fewer beds, and up to 40 patients have had to be inappropriately lodged on gynaecological, orthopaedic and plastic surgery wards.

● HEALTH minister Gerald Malone received a revealing DoH briefing prior to his prizegiving appearance at the **Hospital Doctor of the Year** awards in **London** in November. As a Mr A. Matthewmann HCD-METS (E) 1 2W51, QH ext 45943 put it: "It is explained M(H) will present the final award to the overall winner with the opportunity to say a few words. However, I suggest/urge M(H) to keep this short as this will be towards the end of a long evening and doctors do not always behave politely when talked at for long periods. I was told they certainly wouldnt appreciate anything too political." Mr Malone duly obliged, although the pronounced hissing that greeted his entrance may have been the deciding factor.

*M.D.*

# DOWN ON THE FARM

**WITH another BSE scare in full flight the ministry of agriculture looks less than credible despite — or because of — the efforts of Douglas "Piggy" Hogg and his acolyte Angela Browning.**

As schools and the public ignore their protestations that beef is safe, there have been calls for a more detailed examination of Mark Purdey's theory that organophosphate (OP) pesticides triggered the epidemic. One has come from former cabinet minister Tom King, who was so taken with Purdey he has called on both the Maffia and the department of health to look again at the theory.

But since the Maffia both licensed nerve gas-based OPs and insisted on their use on British cattle, it is unlikely either ministry could ever admit the Maffia's actions might have caused the biggest animal health disaster in recent history.

While the Maffia dithers, its position is made even more untenable by a certain Garry Coomber, Maidstone sheep farmer and heart attack victim, whose near death has been firmly attributable to OP use. He is launching a high court action against the OP suppliers. It was the Maffia which said the OPs were safe in the first place, and if the Maffia cannot admit that they nearly caused the death of a sheep farmer, what price admitting their causing the death of more than 150,000 cattle?

TRADITIONAL cheese lovers — to say nothing of cheese makers — are delighted that the sterling sheriff J. Douglas Allan refused Clydesdale district council permission to destroy £57,000-worth of Lanark Blue cheese claimed to have been affected by the listeria bug (*Eyes passim*).

Allan's judgment has also delighted cheesemaker Humphrey Errington's supporters. In 32 pages, Allan has not only supported Errington's contention that the cheese was safe to eat, but has mounted a devastating critique of the council's main witnesses.

Of the self-important Dr Jim McLauchlin, the "leading UK expert" on listeria and head of the public health laboratory reference service (PHLS), Allan found that on occasions he "lacked the objectivity" essential for an expert witness; that "courteous if searching questions" were met with "evasive and defensive responses"; and that he found it necessary to support a view at all costs "rather than approaching matters in a measured and balanced way".

McLauchlin also took scientific findings out of context to support his views and failed to bring to the court's attention material which could have been of assistance — as is required of an expert witness. All of these failings amounted to "serious criticisms". The PHLS — of salmonella and eggs fame — must be proud of such a fine representative.

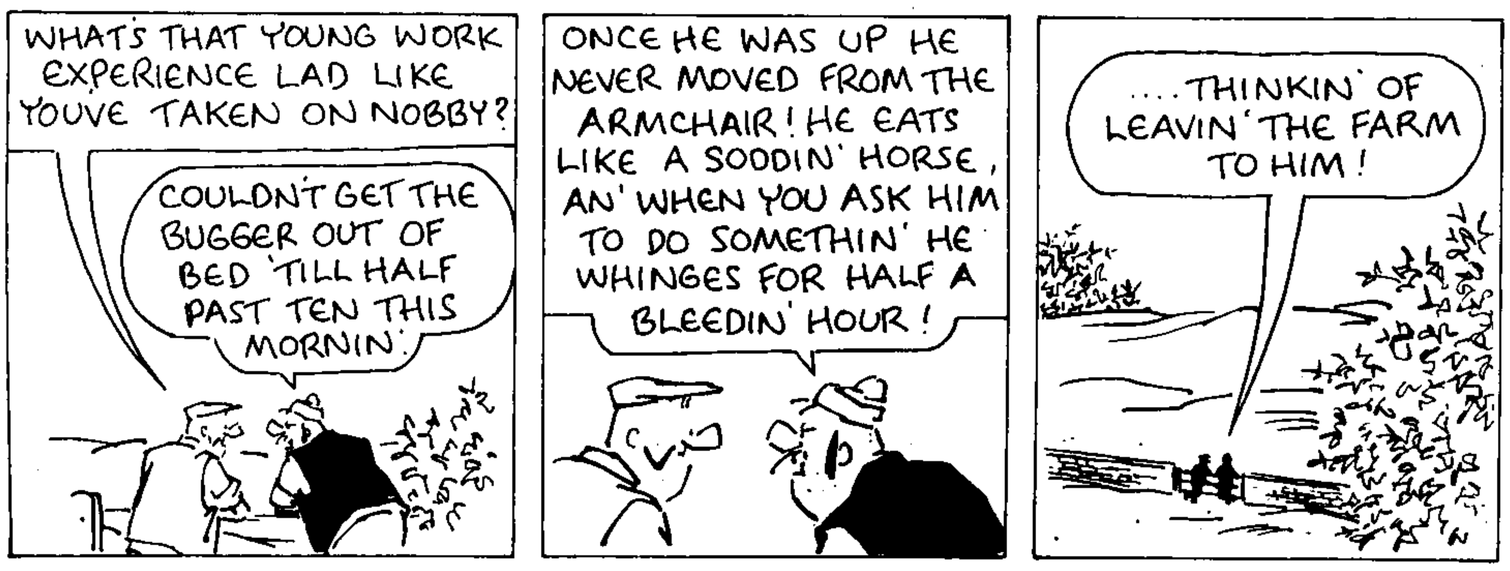
As for the Clydesdale "hygiene police", the sheriff found their "dogmatic and unduly rigid policing approach and philosophy" to be "out of place, out of date and less than helpful". He also told them they should carry out detailed inquiries and fact-finding *before* critical decisions are taken.

Once the judgment had been made public, not a single one of the previously voluble Clydesdale "hygiene police" could be reached for a comment. Instead a terse communication from the chief executive's office merely stated that correct procedures had been followed. Contrast this with what Clydesdale's then director of environmental health Bob Russel said in June after the case had been referred by the Scottish appeal court to the sheriff: "We are totally confident that when all the evidence is heard the result will be in our favour."

Russel has now moved to greener pastures and a higher salary — leaving Mr Errington with the small matter of a legal bill of £120,000 which he cannot claim back, and the grateful chargepayers of Clydesdale with costs of more than £200,000. Robert Steenson, the official who started off the whole silly saga, is still in his job drawing his £20,000-plus salary, ready as always to protect the health of his fellow citizens.

*'New Muckspreader'*

## Old Macdonald


ALBERT
WHAT'S THAT YOUNG WORK EXPERIENCE LAD LIKE YOUVE TAKEN ON NOBBY?
COULDN'T GET THE BUGGER OUT OF BED 'TILL HALF PAST TEN THIS MORNIN'.
ONCE HE WAS UP HE NEVER MOVED FROM THE ARMCHAIR! HE EATS LIKE A SOODIN' HORSE, AN' WHEN YOU ASK HIM TO DO SOMETHIN' HE WHINGES FOR HALF A BLEEDIN' HOUR!
....THINKIN' OF LEAVIN' THE FARM TO HIM!

**WITH morale at television centre at an all-time low, BBC staff are cheering themselves up compiling a list of the most fatuous management training courses offered by the Beeb this year.**

Hot contenders for the top slot include a "Facilitation Skills" course for those "involved in facilitating working groups", cost £380; a "Managing Time" course "to identify and focus on priorities for increasing personal effectiveness", cost £190; and an "Influencing Skills" course that teaches managers to "tune-in" to others in order to influence more effectively, cost £380.

The really smart money, however, is on "The Executive Leadership Programme" which offers "an element of challenging but non-threatening outdoor activity" and provides "time and space for senior managers to refresh their management and leadership skills, focusing in particular on personal style as a way of tapping into their full potential as leaders" — cost £1,700.

If you want to complain about this use of licence-payers' money, you will find managers strongly defensive — especially those who have been on "Assertiveness" and "Handling Conflict" courses.

**ANOTHER casualty of the financial crisis at the BBC is *What The Papers Say*, which has six more programmes until the awards in February and then rather a big break until September.**

The BBC says it "can't afford" the (extremely cheap) programme any more and prefers to broadcast ready-made Czech cartoons. Granada, which has been producing *What the Papers Say* for nearly 40 years, could continue to broadcast it in its own area, but has decided not to do so.

Why is it not being axed altogether? Because Granada bosses still love to preen themselves at the awards ceremony, especially this year since Granada hopes to be the proprietor of the hotel where the ceremony takes place (the Savoy, of course).

**THE BBC Singers, warming up for the Christmas season, sought a rehearsal hall for two weeks. The astonished musicians were told that their usual BBC studio in Maida Vale would be available — for £1,800 a day.**

The singers assured the Birtoids they would not be needing a production team or recording equipment, just the lights on. But according to the management, market forces dictated that the paper sum was appropriate and should change hands in the BBC's internal market.

So with the entrepreneurial spirit so praised by the new BBC, the singers turned down the BBC hall and hired the Salvation Army's hall nearby for a mere £400 a day… and instead of fruitless paper-swapping between departments the BBC lost £4,000!

## XMAS HYPE

**PUBLIC relations staff at Virgin Atlantic realised with horror that their Christmas party for hacks fell on the same day as the National Westminster bank bash.**

There was no way financial journalists could miss networking at the big City do, so Virgin spared no expense in trying to lure them on to the Kensington Roof Gardens afterwards.

When only a trickle of party-goers appeared, the frantic Virgin PR men realised drastic action was needed. So they sent mini-buses to the NatWest party to fetch the hacks. Thoughtfully the buses were packed with gorgeous, pouting Virgin (*Oh yeah?*) air hostess each carrying bait — trays laden with glasses of Virgin vodka.

## HACKWATCH: ANDY COULSON

**ANDY COULSON is the editor of Bizarre, the oddly-named pop column in the *Sun*. Every day he faces the columnist's dilemma: if you get a half decent story it will almost certainly find its way on to the news pages, leaving you with a large empty space to fill.**

The main requirement of the job, therefore, is to create something out of nothing — and then flog it to death. Which may explain why Bizarre has already spawned three national newspaper editors: John Blake (ex-editor of the *People*); Martin Dunn (the world's highest-paid editor, on the *New York Post*); and Piers Morgan (now at the helm of the *Daily Mirror*).

Andy Coulson is already proving himself a worthy successor. Having latched on early to the columnar potential of sulky Manchester pop-stars Oasis, he has featured them no fewer than 132 times on his page since July 1994. Here are a few of his choicer revelations:

**6 September 1994:** Coulson's first task is to establish the group's personality, so he can then reinforce the image ad nauseam. "Oasis got their first gig by telling a Scottish promoter they would torch his club if he didn't book them," he reports.

**20 September:** Coulson tries his hand at irony. "Oasis guitarist Noel Gallagher is worried about a report concerning the boys' reputation. 'It said we were really clean-living Catholic boys who went to bed early every night. Our lawyers are looking into that right now.' "

**20 December:** Another riveting non-revelation. "Oasis frontman Liam Gallagher is quitting booze and fags after losing his voice… but only for two weeks."

**29 December:** Coulson's end-of-year round-up, and Oasis are well to the fore. "Those who kept me smiling in 1994 — Oasis for being the only pop stars still prepared to trash the odd hotel room."

**2 January 1995:** One of the worst days of the year to try and put a column together: hangovers aplenty and nobody in the business seems to be working. So Coulson dusts off a story which is only a few years old. "Oasis frontman Liam Gallagher was fired from his job as a car valet after being accused of wrecking Manchester United superstar Eric Cantona's £25,000 motor. Manchester United's fiery Frenchman complained his Audi 80 was scratched after Liam had cleaned it."

**1 May:** A classic set-up: after toppling Take That from No 1, Oasis make "an amazing attack" on the Fab Five. "Take That are a bunch of girls," an Oasis PR man informs Coulson.

**10 May:** Liam Gallagher has had "a massive bust-up" with his record company after complaining that promos are a waste of money. "I don't see why we should pay £30 grand," he says, "to have a lot of blokes hanging around and eating sausages and chips all day." Why indeed — when he can get promoted by Coulson for free?

**18 May:** It is a quiet, late-spring day in Wapping. The Bizarre page is filled, except for one maddening little gap. Coulson reaches for his Oasis hotline and comes up with: "Noel Gallagher is peeved he isn't up for an Ivor Novello songwriting award this year."

**30 May:** The pay-off: two stories for the price of one. "Oasis have healed their rift with Take That just weeks after calling their rivals a bunch of girls. When Take That came on the jukebox in a Paris bar Noel Gallagher told everyone to stand up, toast their rivals and sing along."

**12 June:** The start of a new seam of stories — The Split. Apparently Noel Gallagher refused to have a drink with his brother and the band nearly broke up. The great thing about these Oasis stories is that you can alternate the brother you use to disguise the fact that it's the same old bunch of over-publicised nonentities.

**15 June:** Oasis are to split once they have recorded their third album. "I don't think I could do any more with Oasis," Noel Gallagher announces. "There are only so many anthems you can write." Fortunately for Coulson, that doesn't apply to stories.

**22 June:** "Oasis have outraged David Bowie by calling the legendary rocker an old git."

**9 August:** After The Record and The Split, it's time for The Tour. "The latest fashion accessory for Oasis fans is a pair of Noel Gallagher's stick-on bushy eyebrows," Coulson discloses. "Hundreds of fans wore them at their Dublin gig."

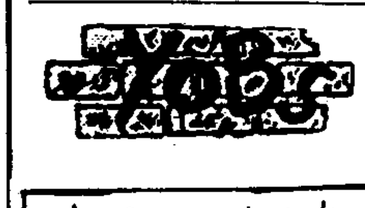
**20 September:** Sex, anyone? "Noel Gallagher has revealed how he lost his virginity — as a dying dustman banged on the front door for help. 'We were upstairs doing it when the man knocked on the door. We thought sod that and carried on.' "

**18 October:** Oasis, we learn, "have sent their record company a short list of goodies for their US tour. Walkers crisps, baked beans and tea-bags." Coulson appears to have lost the plot here. Just a few months ago Oasis were the only band prepared to trash hotel rooms; this sounds more like Percy Sugden's shopping list before an evening down the Legion.

**23 October:** "Oasis were left speechless," Coulson gasps, "when they found one of their biggest fans was *Star Trek*'s William Shatner. Captain Kirk beamed down to see them play on the David Letterman show in New York."

**15 November:** "Noel Gallagher has refused to write a song for his beloved Manchester City." Maybe Liam will write one; watch this space.

**29 November:** "Liam Gallagher has denied punching INXS star Michael Hutchence at the MTV awards," Coulson reveals, ever-eager to make something out of nothing. "A spokesman said: 'Nothing happened at all.' " *Rock'n'roll*!




HUSBAND

Out now — **"Son of Yobs"** — the book. £3.99

# Letters

## Happiness is a warm gun...

*Sir,*

*1. I have been a subscriber of* PRIVATE EYE *for many years now. I will not stop, whatever happens.*

*2. I believe you have a role to play and we need that responsibility very much in our society. You do it well, I believe.*

*3. However, the Beatles/John Lennon cartoon was so tasteless as to make me feel rather unwell — I mean that seriously.*

*Yours sincerely,*
*G.H. TAYLOR,*
*Warfield, Berkshire.*

## Charity bash

*Sir,*

*While I yield to no one in my admiration for the relentless exposure of venality which is to be seen in each edition of your worthy organ, I must protest at the level to which this has been reduced by, I presume, inflation.*

*If the entry point to attack — as exemplified by the illuminating article on the Castle Vale HAT (*EYE *1 Dec) — is now the equivalent of roughly £58,333 pa, I fear for my own position as a director of a charity who earns £57,533 pa, admittedly for a five-day week.*

*Surely I am now entitled to a discount on my subscription in compensation?*

*Yours faithfully,*
*NIGEL GUTTA-PERCHA,*
*Alvechurch, Worcs.*

## Heil Pottler

*Sir,*

*Re. Stephen Taylor's letter last week: he may indeed have spotted a steel helmet and gas mask, not at a fancy dress disco but at my home. The items in question are British and cherished family possessions. Incidentally, the helmet is too small for my somewhat large head! Am happy to show you them.*

*Yours sincerely,*
*MARTIN POTTER,*
*Swayfield, Lincolnshire.*

## Max factor

*Sir,*

*With reference to Mark Honigsbaum's letter (*EYE *866), is the Philo-semitic priest Fr Maximilian Kolbe after whom his son is named, by any chance related to the virulently antisemitic priest Fr Maximilian Kolbe who ran a rabidly nationalistic newspaper and radio station in pre-war Kracow?*

*I think we should be told.*

*Yours sincerely,*
*G.E. LUCAS,*
*London N12.*

## Rubber bullet

*Sir,*

*I would venture to suggest that your correspondent (Nooks & Corners,* EYE *886) must have a very warped aesthetic sense to describe the Brynmawr rubber factory as "very beautiful". It is an appallingly ugly structure that would be greatly improved if some Semtex (the explosive) were applied to it. Also to describe Brynmawr as "a dump" is a trifle unfair. Go take a look at my parents' house at 26 King Street, which my old chum Sir Geoffrey Weeks claimed had "one of the most impressive interiors built in Britain since St Paul's". That is not hyperbole.*

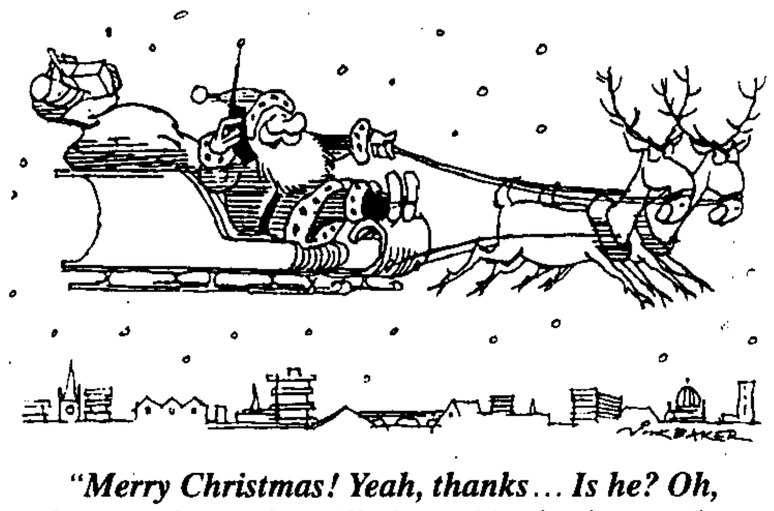
*Yours,*
*NICHOLAS DOWNEY,*
*Brooklyn, New York.*

## Busted...

*Sir,*

*I was disappointed to see the Marquesa joining her fellow hacks in fashionably misapprehending* **embonpoint**, *a word which means plumpness or stoutness and not, as so many of Fleet Street's finest currently insist, a well-formed* **balcon**.

*Yours mammarily,*
*MICHAEL KILGARRIFF,*
*London W5.*



***"Merry Christmas! Yeah, thanks... Is he? Oh, OK... right, yeah...I'll phone him back... yeah... and you... thanks... OK... cheers!"***

## Pine scented

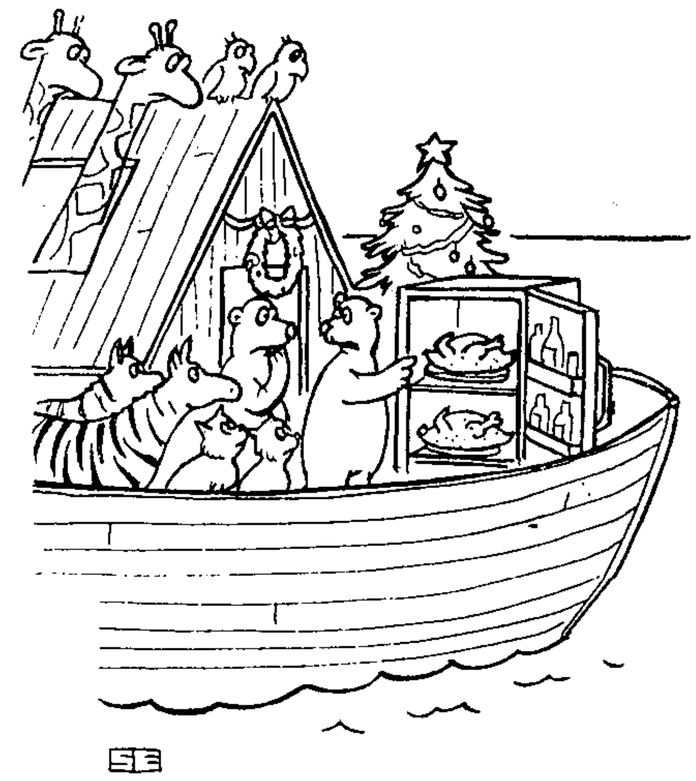
*Sir,*

*Having been a subscriber to the* EYE *for over 25 years, it has always been my ambition to feature on its pages which ambition I achieved this week! I was not too pleased to be painted as a paedophile publisher especially as this is not true, so I hope the following notes will enable you to put a piece in either this week's or a future* EYE.

*Scope International are publishers of tax haven, privacy and other similar reports. Our leading author is W.G. Hill who wrote the humorously written, but factually accurate title,* SEX HAVENS, *describing where PTs (Perpetual Travellers), globe-trotting souls free in spirit, can seek out and enjoy sex around the world.*

*This title was published some three years ago and is only offered to existing buyers of Scope special reports.*

*It is not made generally available, is only*



***"Hey, guys, look what Noah's done to the turkeys"***

*available to adults who are told clearly what the book contains and in no way is it a "paedophile directory", as it has recently been described in* THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Nicholas Pine is also unconnected with the book. He is managing director of Scope International, did not write the book, did not edit it, indeed the book is nearly out of print and is one of 250 which he has published in the last 20 years.*

*The book was described as "a sick paedophile bible telling perverts where to pick up child prostitutes". This it does not.*

*If I may correct the* EYE *piece: Nicholas Pine is not a stalwart member of the local Conservative Association. He is not a member of it. His brother, Roy, is not chairman of Hayling Island Conservatives and his mother is not a former mayor of Havant. She has never even been a councillor and has never even stood for the council and has never had any desire so to do.*

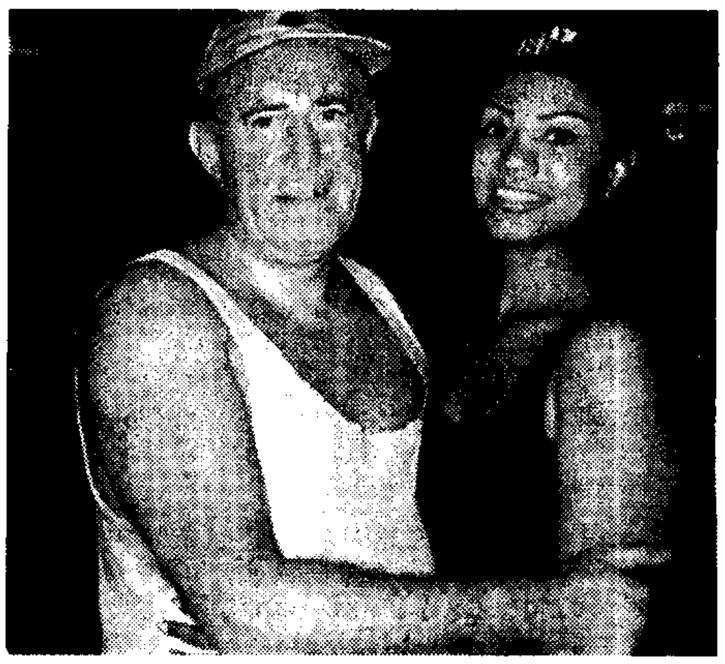
*Yours sincerely,*
*NICHOLAS J. PINE,*
*Managing Director, Scope International.*

● ***"In no way is it a paedophile directory" — no, more like a guide to prostitutes around the world, which stresses the teenagers available.***

● ***Roy Pine "is not chairman of Hayling Island Conservatives" — no, he is a staunch member of the local Conservative Association.***

● ***His mother, Doris, is not a former mayor of Havant — she is president of the local Conservative Association.***

*Ed.*



## Principal bore

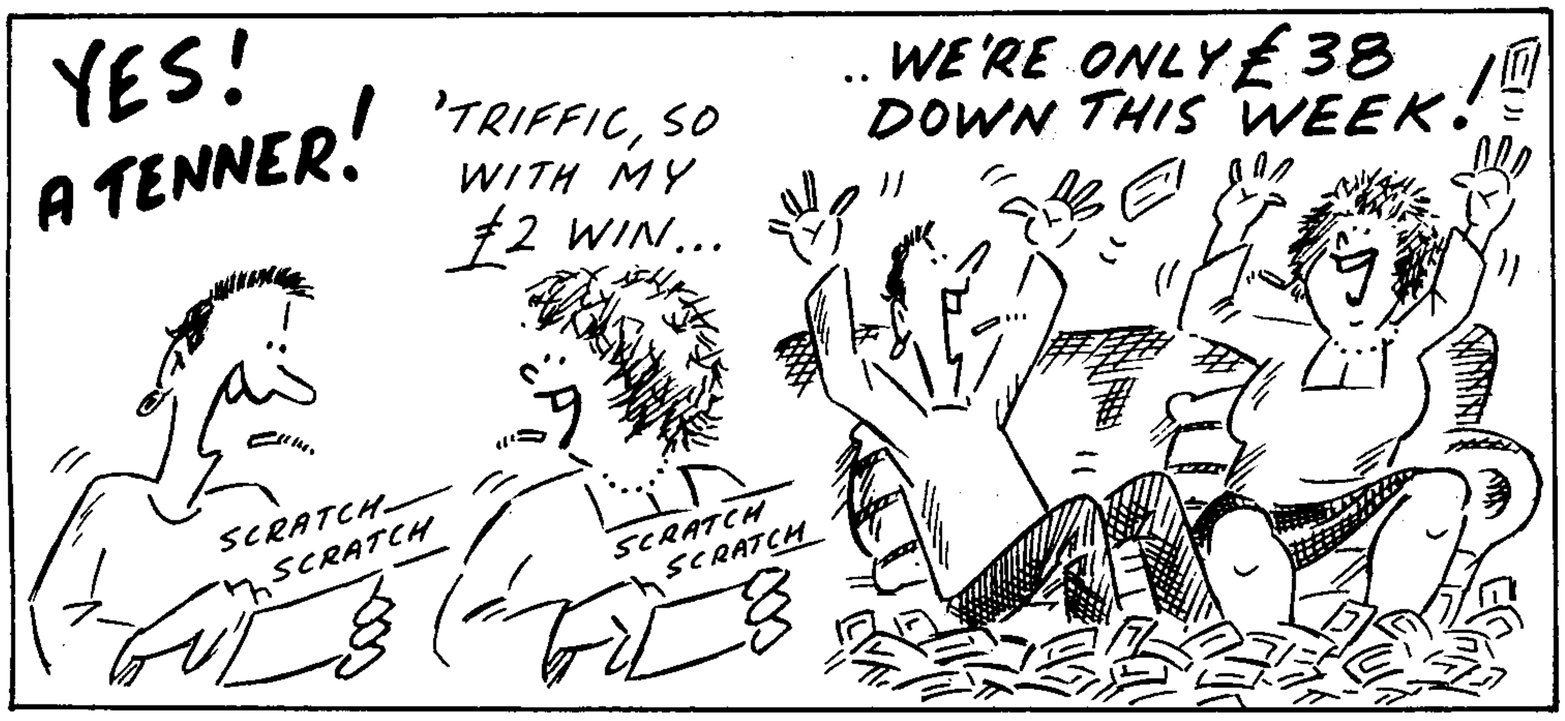
*Sir,*

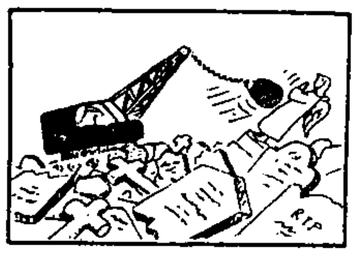
*As Christmas approaches and one's thoughts turn to the delights of the pantomime season, I was wondering if you could help me? Friends have told me that there is a particularly amusing panto taking place in London at the moment called "Asian Babes in the Wood", starring a famous Scottish TV celebrity.*

*Do you have any advance publicity for this show which you could publish?*

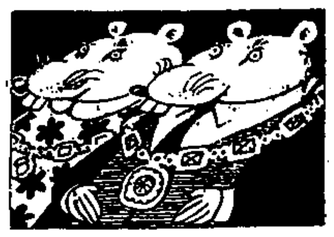
*Yours,*
*ENA B. TWANKY,*
*Highgate Hill, London.*

***The Lottery Winners*** TURNER





# Rotten Borough Advertiser



## SEX FOR SALE (OR RENT)

**DELUDED Labour leaders desperate to turn Birmingham into a smart international city have decided that all that is needed to attract globe-trotting businessmen is an efficient Amsterdam-style sex industry.**

Thus their red-light crusade began with attempts to create a "zone of tolerance" where prostitutes can meet clients without police interference. What the sophisticated international business type will make of the derelict industrial estate in grotty Digbeth the council earmarked is yet to be tested.

In any case West Midlands police said the zone would be illegal and that they, for once, would enforce the law. Undaunted the council has been talking to the department of the environment about an act of parliament and even about the possibility of council-run brothels — a terrifying prospect given the waiting list for other city-run facilities.

Some councillors may have mixed motives for wanting legalised prostitution in England's second city, where street vigilantes have driven prostitutes off the streets of the main red light area in Balsall Heath. They did so by photographing kerb crawlers and have some excellent snaps of at least one senior councillor plus several local solicitors, accountants and a couple of eminent surgeons in their album.

Even if the council doesn't get its way on the zone of tolerance, its licensing committee has still been able to encourage the sex industry. Peter Stringfellow has just won permission to open a topless go-go bar, its 60s look making it one of the most modern facilities in the city. Birmingham already has six sex shops but the city recently licensed 10 more at £8,000 a time. That comes on top of rental income as the council owns the premises rented to six of the shops.

The only objection to the sex industry has come from the very Christian chair of the licensing committee, Marion Arnott-Job. When one shop decided to call itself The Amsterdam Experience she accused it of immorality. It misled customers and let down the city — on the grounds of geography. She wanted a name fitting the city's new image, so it will be called: The Birmingham Experience.

## ALLY NOT-VERY-PALLY

**WHILE Alexandra Palace owes £52 million — and Haringey councillors who sit on its board of trustees go on all expenses paid trips to Paris — the council and the palace trust are squabbling over who is responsible for the debt.**

Since the Labour borough's £100,000 bid for millennium funds for the palace faltered, councillors seem keen to dissociate themselves from the white elephant, its 196 acres and its debt, which has accrued after years of neglect and two fires.

The council says the debt belongs to the trust; the trust's board — made up entirely of councillors, agrees; but the rest of the trust membership says the debt is definitely the council's responsibility.

Derek Wyatt, who masterminded the disastrous millennium bid, is a Labour councillor and chairman of the board of the park and palace trust, a registered charity. The Ally Pally millennium bid does not represent a high point in his political career. The lefty Haringey appointed Tory-lobbying firm Shandwick Consultants, which counts MP and toe-sucker David Mellor among its employees, to act on its behalf — and the bid fell at the first hurdle.

The trust accounts are now open to the public and observers have been interested to see several expense claims made by Wyatt from the impoverished trust. He collected cash for two trips to the Conservative party and CBI conferences to lobby for the millennium bid — presumably because £58,000 paid to Shandwick didn't buy enough lobbying.

Then there was a trip to Paris last year with the council's chief executive Gurbux Singh and borough treasurer John Pirrie. The purpose? To investigate the popular British sport of, er, horse trotting, another great money spinning idea for the Ally Pally. Since the accounts have become available, the enthusiasm of Wyatt, now Labour parliamentary candidate for Sittingbourne, is expected to wane.

## JIGGENS JIGGERED

**MORE on Martin Jiggens, Westminster's deputy mayor, who, the *Eye* revealed, had been struck off for six months by the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors on six counts of professional misconduct. He now faces the threat of prosecution and a hefty fine for ignoring his punishment.**

The RICS suspension should have stopped Jiggens from referring to himself as a chartered surveyor. But several weeks after his ban he was still sending out letters as a chartered surveyor with the RICS initials after his name. The institute now has the power to call in trading standards officials to prosecute. Jiggens himself insists he amended the notepaper and that the few letters sent out as a chartered surveyor must have been done in error.

Elsewhere Jiggens has helped the council waste £6,250 in legal fees after he tried to have a new mews named Catley Mews after a lady friend and without declaring an interest or referring the matter to committee. Residents wanted it to be called Walpole Mews — which it now is after they sought a judicial review and landed the council with the bill.

The four-figure sum is chicken feed compared to how much public money the council wastes elsewhere — as it has over the sale of the Buckingham Gate Centre next to Westminster College. The building was donated to Westminster when the ILEA was abolished in 1990, and a couple of years later it sold it to its ideological twin, Wandsworth council, for £1.5 million. Wandsworth is about to sell it on to a hotel group for £9 million — a not bad 600 per cent profit at a time of falling property prices, especially in over-valued Westminster.

PS: A government study into complaints about local authority spending is going to cover every borough in the country except... controversial Conservative Westminster. Why? Because the study "wishes to avoid the high profile and significant costs of this case from distorting the results of the current project".

## IN BRIEF

**LEWISHAM: Dave Sullivan, chair of the council policy committee, must find Labour opposition to the privatisation of council services irritating. Until last April he sat on the direct labour committee overseeing the work of Directeam, Lewisham's repairs and works outfit. When its director Mushtaq Malik then set up Serviceteam, to find work in the local government sector, he headhunted Sullivan... who is now a Serviceteam director.**

HULL: When Darryl Stephenson left as council chief executive to do the same job at East Riding, his salary rose from £70,000 to £90,000. Will he now give a portion of the rise to Hull's housing budget? When he moved to Hull in 1990 he couldn't sell his old home in Leicester so Hull council paid £155,000 for it. It stayed empty for five years and has just sold for... £80,000 — a big loss to Hull taxpayers and council tenants awaiting repairs.

**BENT: Who urged council leaders not to invite Bent MP Ken Livingstone to share a platform with them at official meetings? The memo, designed to save the "embarrassent" of Tory councillors, came from chief executive George Benham who said he had been asked to write it by council leader Bob Blackman. Black-man denies this. This is not the first time Benham's impartiality has been questioned. When he was education director, Coun Helga Gladbaum called for his resignation after he presented a Tory blueprint for education, arts and libraries under his own name. She threatens to take his latest faux pas to the ombudsman.**

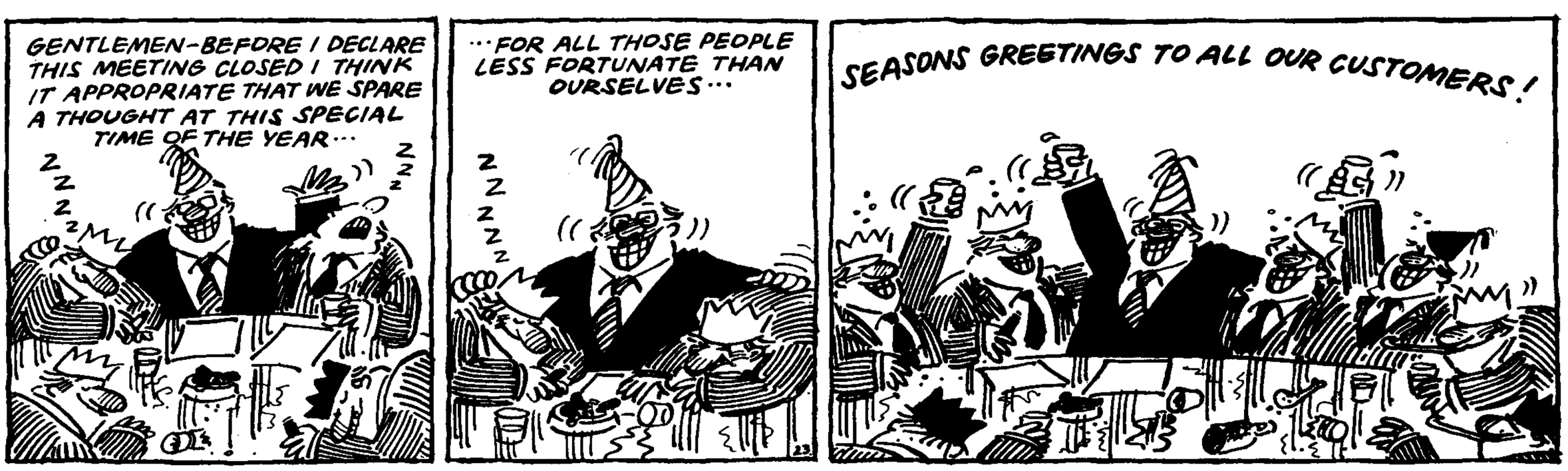
MIDDLESBROUGH: The cash-starved council decided crisis talks were needed to solve its financial problems, so 50 councillors and 15 staff spent a weekend talking about money-saving measures in the comfortable four-star Blackwell Grange hotel, complete with golf course, swimming pool, sauna, etc. The councillors defended the £8,000 junket saying the budget talks were vital — so vital that the housing budget was discussed while housing chair Michael J. Carr was away doing research at the Riverside Stadium watching Middlesbrough FC.

## RED FACE OF THE WEEK

**JOB applicants in Lambeth are invited to a written grammar test, but the invitation, from head of personnel operations Dorman Long, a Labour councillor in Bent, is riddled with errors. One applicant who had her name and address spelt incorrectly was asked to attend an interview on a date that did not exist. She was also given a phone number to ring with no area code; and was told the interview would last from 9.30am to 11.30pm. The letter then asked if "translation facilities" would be needed — the irony of having to translate during an English grammar test escaping Lambeth personnel department.**

## THE DIRECTORS

DREDGE


GENTLEMEN-BEFORE I DECLARE THIS MEETING CLOSED I THINK IT APPROPRIATE THAT WE SPARE A THOUGHT AT THIS SPECIAL TIME OF THE YEAR···
···FOR ALL THOSE PEOPLE LESS FORTUNATE THAN OURSELVES···
SEASONS GREETINGS TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS!

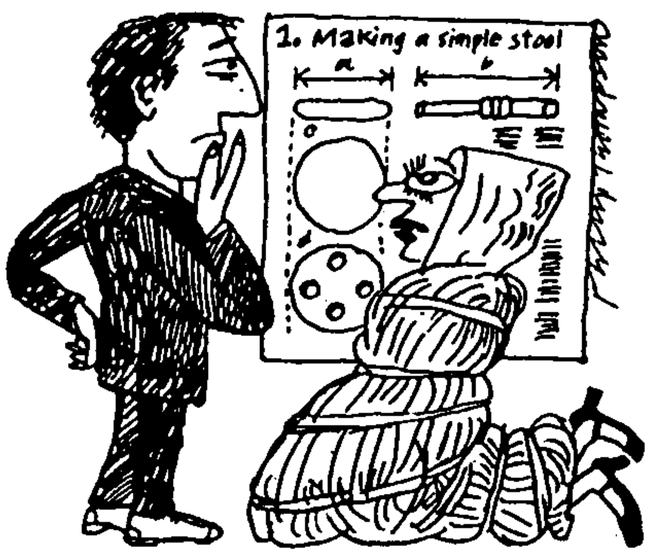
# FUNNY OLD WORLD

**● "As a helicopter pilot, it takes a lot for me to get out the sick bag in an aircraft," a furious passenger told reporters after his United Airlines flight from Buenos Aires had landed in New York, "but the sight of a man crapping on a food trolley and pissing into an oxygen mask was just too much. Thanks to that guy, the entire food and beverage service was suspended and we got no dinner. And I don't feel right unless I've had chilled melon after take-off".**

**The airline later filed documents in a Brooklyn court, alleging drunkenness, assault, and intimidation by Gerard Finneran, 58, the president of TCW Americas bank. According to their documents, "Finneran began drinking snowballs and other cocktails in the first-class compartment before the flight took off, and continued during the flight until he assaulted a stewardess when attendants refused him any further alcohol. He then started shouting 'fuck the president, fuck him in the ass' while serving himself from the trolley. He became increasingly abusive, making obscene remarks to a priest and assaulting two other attendants with the point of an umbrella, all the while demanding to be served more liquor. Moments later, a crew member spotted Finneran with his pants and underwear down, defecating on a service cart in the first-class cabin, next to where President Mario Soares of Portugal was sitting. When he had finished, he used linen napkins as toilet paper and wiped his hands on various service counters used by the crew, trailing faeces throughout the aircraft. At that point, the captain decided to suspend the food and beverage service."**

**Finneran was released on a $100,000 bond. If convicted, he faces a fine of $100,000 and up to 20 years in jail.** *(Associated Press, 26/10/95. Spotter — John Keator)*

—●—




● "This was a clumsy attempt by a caring and gentle person to find a first girlfriend," Mr Derek Reed told Teignbridge Magistrates. "It is plainly a bizarre incident, and my client is of strictly limited intelligence, but he never meant to cause harm or to frighten the woman involved."

Earlier, the court had heard the chain of circumstances that led Nicholas Green, 35, from Newton Abbot, to plead guilty to a charge of indecent assault. "My client, who has never had a girlfriend, has a very unusual fetish for plastic macs and clingfilm. When he first saw the woman in question, she was walking with crutches after an accident, and he offered to come to her home and make her a stool. She accepted his offer but, instead of bringing tools to her home, he brought a large post office sack full of plastic raincoats, tipped them onto the floor, asked her to pick her favourite colour, and then began dressing her in the macs. When he got to the third coat, he produced the roll of clingfilm and began to wrap her in it, thereby trapping her arms. The woman complained that this was not the proper way to construct a stool, and that she was getting hot, but he continued, putting a total of eleven plastic raincoats and three rolls of clingfilm on her while repeating: 'I am Captain Polymer, your friend, and I love you.' "

Magistrates sentenced Green to two years probation, on condition that he also received psychiatric help. *(Herald Express (South Devon), 18/10/95. Spotter — Anon)*

COMPILED BY

Victor Lewis-Smith

—●—

● *"Sir: I am Bruce C. Brenizer, and I am frankly disgusted with the sloppy and sensationalistic reporting that appears in your paper. I quite expect you to drag my name through the mud on a regular basis, that is your job, but at least get the facts right.*

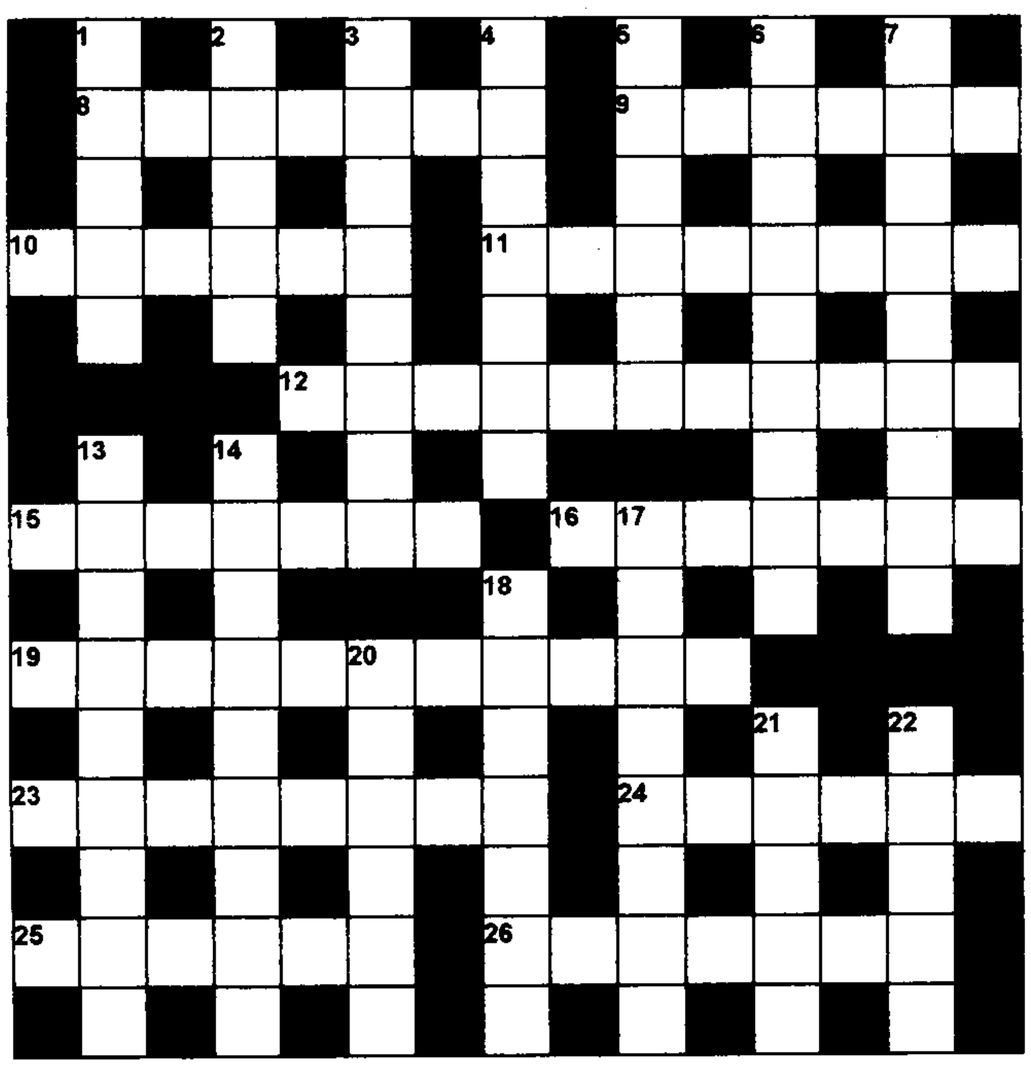
*"True, I was arrested and charged with five counts of first-degree intentional homicide in 1991. I was sentenced in 1993. You are also correct in suggesting that I had a record of violent crime and that I was responsible for the death of my father, his live-in girlfriend and her three children. But I was never charged with the murder of my half-brother as you reported. That is the trouble with you tabloid journalists, the facts are just not important to you.*

*"Yours, Bruce C. Brenizer, Mendota Mental Health Institute."*

*Editor's note: Mr Brenizer is correct. The five people he murdered included his half-sister, not his half-brother. He was ruled insane, and will be eligible for parole in about 24 years.* (Wisconsin State Journal, 15/10/95. Spotter — Sarah Kirley)

# EYE CROSSWORD 43 by Cyclops

£100 Winner T. CROWTHER



ACROSS

8 Their latest release a lifeless performance? (3,4)
9 Spot Grant among our smalls (3,3)
10 Motorway dick-heads services (6)
11 The sex act — it's crap according to the likes of Paisley (8)
12/14 It's prudent to get friend acceptable to Right — i.e. offensive to black, disabled, single-parent women (11,9)
15 Awful zits on one nationalist (7)
16 Wally-like desire to hold member close to one (7)
19 Blair's new outfit — substantial work to do! (6,5)
23 Newspaper-backed Ron is awfully camp (8)
24 Nooky sort of thing that gives MPs a break (6)
25 To stand in a ballot against Conservative leader — that is the making of an ex-Church leader (6)
26 Community stays off stimulant (7)

DOWN

1 Blubber about West? First ring the consumer protection body (5)
2 Well-rounded in bathrobe (see-through) (5)
3 Boozers make you act like a wanker with loadsamoney (8)
4 One who gets a bang from following the band? (7)
5 For instance, getting up a skirt was one of several missions in the sixties (6)
6 A mike foolishly stuck in front of politician (name concealed) with loud volume promoting right-wing views (4,5)
7 The latest display of genitals is an intrusion for the viewer (9)
13 Place North in charge (top grade material) to get undercover arms initially (9)
14 (see 12)
17 Hobby such as an MP ought to declare? (8)
18 Make respectable sum of money (7)
20 When it comes to somewhere to stick young offenders, is Left following Right to a point? Yes (6)
21 A bit of southern codswallop (5)
22 Second-rate atmosphere, second-rate broadcaster (5)

**£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 22.12.95. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.**

## Solution to Crossword No. 42

ACROSS: 8 Cape Town 9 Crisis 10 Tomcat 11/19 The Royal Prerogative 12 Livingstone 15 Bogside 16 Fat cats 19 (See 11) 22 Death row 24 Toupee 25 Walesa 26 Security.

DOWN: 1 Major 2 Hercules 3 Montevideo 4 Instant 5 Acne 6 Gigolo 7 Cigarette 13 Statistics 14 Coup d'etat 17 Chequers 18 NatWest 20 Esther 21 Betty 23 Rear.

# I-SPY *Copenhagen*

Submitted by John Smith. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

## Colin's sandwich

*Sir,*

*The Literary Review of Delia Smith's latest moneyspinner is pure jealousy and pointless to boot. Does your reviewer not realise that the success of such books is not connected with their content, it is simply a pleasantly packaged daydream of the sort that I for one would quite happily buy for my mum, girlfriend or auntie. Just to make a point I would buy it from a posh bookshop and deliberately not buy the latest load of over-priced cobblers from Filangio Dree-edful the "new" promising young wop at the same time, instead saving my money for a new cheese grater from Boot's (mum needs a new one).*

*Square Eye's review of* NOEL'S HOUSE PARTY *was a load of bollox too. For some time now* NOEL'S HOUSE PARTY *has been the precursor to not winning the lottery, going out and getting pissed up then having one, or all, of the following: a curry, a kebab, a fight, sex drugs and rock and roll. All of which our little gang greatly enjoy.*

*There is shurely nothing quite as pointless as a review by someone who clearly does not like or understand the topic in view. If you can't think of something nice to say, keep quiet.*

*Best wishes,*
*COLIN BUCKLE,*
*Swindon, Wilts.*

## All washed up

*Sir,*

*I notice your advertisement (*EYE *886) for Railtrack Timetable Tea Towels for "just £5".*

*Do these tea towels come complete with supplementary half-size and second supplementary quarter-size tea towels? The full size tea towel is hardly much use on its own, as we all know.*

*If so, I may place an order.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*SARAH BARLOW,*
*London SE15.*

● **See advertisement on page 6**

## Colemanballs

*£10 paid for contributions*

**Anna Walker:** *"Alan, can you give us the inside track on the Paul Ince, Arsenal, transfer speculation?"*

**Alan Smith** (ex-Arsenal footballer): *"Well I heard on the radio last night that the deal was still a possibility."*

**Anna Walker**: *"There you are, you heard it here first..."*

**Sky Sports Football Review**
**(Mike Cullen)**

*"I stand a 50-50 chance, if not 60-50, against anyone out there."*

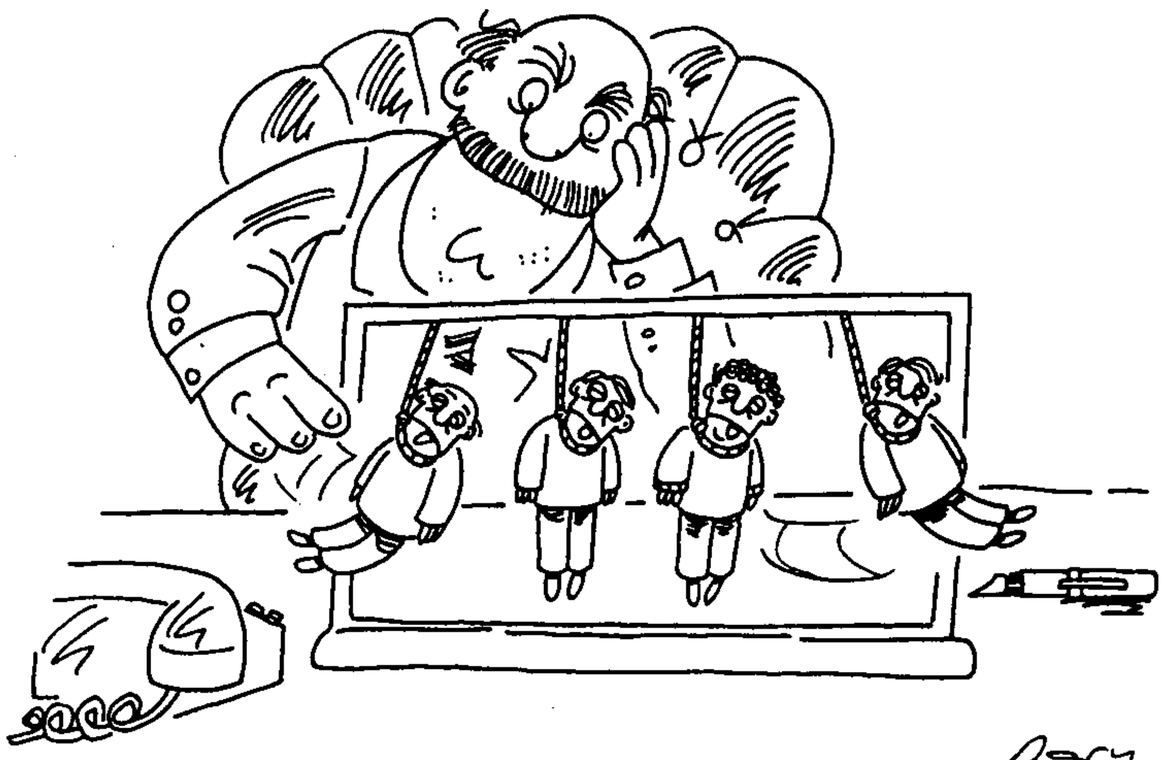
**FRANK BRUNO, Radio 5**
**(J. Thake)**

*"I will turn directly to the Asylum Bill later."*

**JOHN MAJOR, House of Commons**
**(Mrs H.M. Collins)**

*"If you want change, you've got to stick with it."*

**TERRY VENABLES, Carlton**
**(Tim Clyde)**



**SHELL EXECUTIVE TOY**

## BIRTSPEAK

**What is Quality Improvement?**

Quality Improvement is a process of breaking through to much *higher levels of performance* which are *distinctly superior to planned performance*. It is concerned with *incremental performance improvement*, which can take place at a *revolutionary pace*, depending on the number of improvement projects undertaken. It involves:

- *Identifying specific projects* for improvement;
- *Organising to guide* the projects, ie management infrastructure (see 10 below);
- *Following a structured process* for improvement projects (see 11 below).

This is the process which *offers by far the greatest scope for improved performance* but is *widely neglected* by management.

*— Northern Ireland Civil Service document.*

## THE *anagram*

**This Yorkshire comedienne hit the headlines for a sad reason last week. Unscramble the words below for her name.**

**I'M IN A CRATE**

*Bradford Telegraph & Argus, 11/11/95*

## Apology

**We wish to apologise unreservedly for any distress which may have been caused to readers or family and friends of the late comedienne Marti Caine by the clue which appeared in the Anagram puzzle in Saturday's Telegraph & Argus. We accept the item was in extremely poor taste and the member of staff responsible has been disciplined.**

*Bradford Telegraph & Argus, 13/11/95*

## NIGERIAN NOTES

**OVERSEAS development minister Lynda Chalker showed her understanding of the delicate situation in Nigeria after the executions of Ken Saro-Wiwa and other opposition activists when she was approached by the West Yorkshire Playhouse.**

It asked her about the possibility of granting political asylum to some visiting Nigerian actors. But Chalker reassured the Playhouse that Nigeria was a "safe country" for them to return to.

The actors meanwhile guaranteed themselves a welcome home reception on their return to Nigeria by appearing in a play at by the exiled Nigerian Nobel prizewinner Wole Solinka, which concentrates on human rights abuses under the military regime.

During their stay the actors also endeared themselves to the Nigerian dictators by publicly laying a wreath for Ken Saro-Wiwa at a Shell petrol station in Leeds. They have now returned to Lagos, where, despite Chalker's opinion, they can expect anything but a safe future.

**SINCE the death by hanging of his father Ken Saro-Wiwa, Ken Wiwa has been travelling the world to lobby governments on behalf of the minority Ogoni people.**

His father was killed by the Nigerian military after he had campaigned for years to gain rights for the Ogoni people.

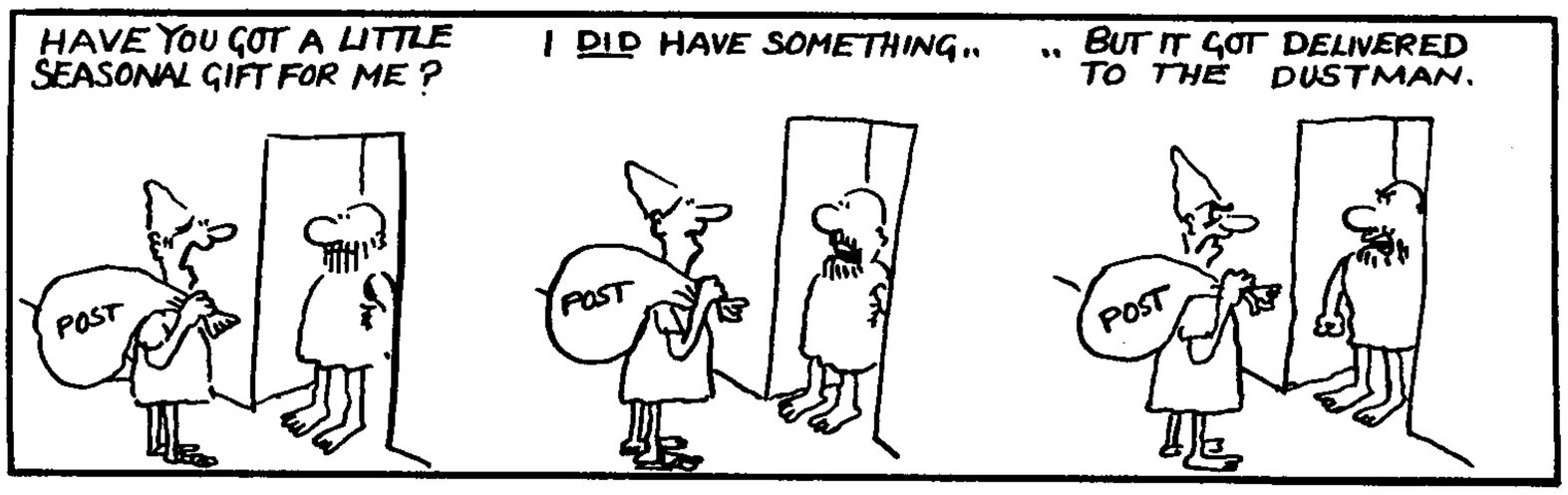
On his travels Ken Wiwa has been called up by an amazing number of so-called distant relatives. He received a call from Spain from officials who said they were holding Ken Saro-Wiwa's nephew. The "nephew" was claiming political asylum on the strength of his famous relative. Ken Wiwa had never heard of the man.

In Strasburg he was dogged by a man claiming to be a cousin of the families who had lived with them for some time — another hoaxer.

Now back in England a letter pleading for business investment is being circulated to businesses. Mr Jonah Kuti Saro-Wiwa, so-called son of Ken, pleads that his family want to leave the country that killed his father and need help investing money. Needless to say Ken Wiwa has no brother called Jonah.

## HOM SAP

AUSTIN



# 'OUR PLANS FOR THE EU'

## Kohl and Chirac spell out the future in shock letter

Chere Freunde,

Nous the undersigned have decided les following points:

1. Le full speed ahead à la EMU, le so-called single currency (aka le deutschmark), mit ein Euro-Bank im Frankfurt.

2. Keine veto pour die Untermenschen von Gross Britannien, Danmark, Italia, Portugal, etc.

3. Grosse powers vor das Euro-Parliament, Euro-Court und Euro-bureaucrats.

4. Pour das gut von toute l'Européens, le policy sera Deutschland über alles (et aussi la France, naturellement).

5. Le pathétique Herr Major ist kaputt. For you Johnny, la guerre est over, n'est-ce pas? Comprenez? Nicht wahr?

6. Err...

7. C'est tout.

Signed

H. KOHL (Der Euro-Führer)

J. CHIRAC (son ami)

*"We kept the receipts, just in case"*

# QUENTIN TARANTINHO-HO-HO

# HOWARD TO DEPORT RUSHDIE

by Our Immigration Staff **Lynchtime O'Noose**

**THE controversial Home Secretary Mr Michael Howard today rejected pleas from dissident writer Salman Rushdie that he should not be deported to Iran.**

"There is no evidence," said a junior minister Mrs Ann Widdecombe, "that Mr Rushdie would be in any danger if we fly him back to Iran and leave him in the middle of a mosque.

"We are sure that Mr Rushdie is what we call an economic refugee — that is to say, he stays in Britain simply to take advantage of our security services."

Speaking from his taxi, cabdriver Mike Howard said: "Know what, guv? There's too many of them foreigners coming over here and getting jobs in the Cabinet. There's that Portillo, a dago, there's me, Moldavia's finest, there's Heselstein, he must be one.

"Know what I do with us lot? I'd pack us all to Nigeria where they'd string us up. It's the only language I understand."

# POETRY CORNER

## Lines on the Birthdays of the Earl of Longford (90) and Mr Frank Sinatra (80)

So. Salutations
Famed crooner and prison visitor.

You have one thing in common.

You are both called
Frank.

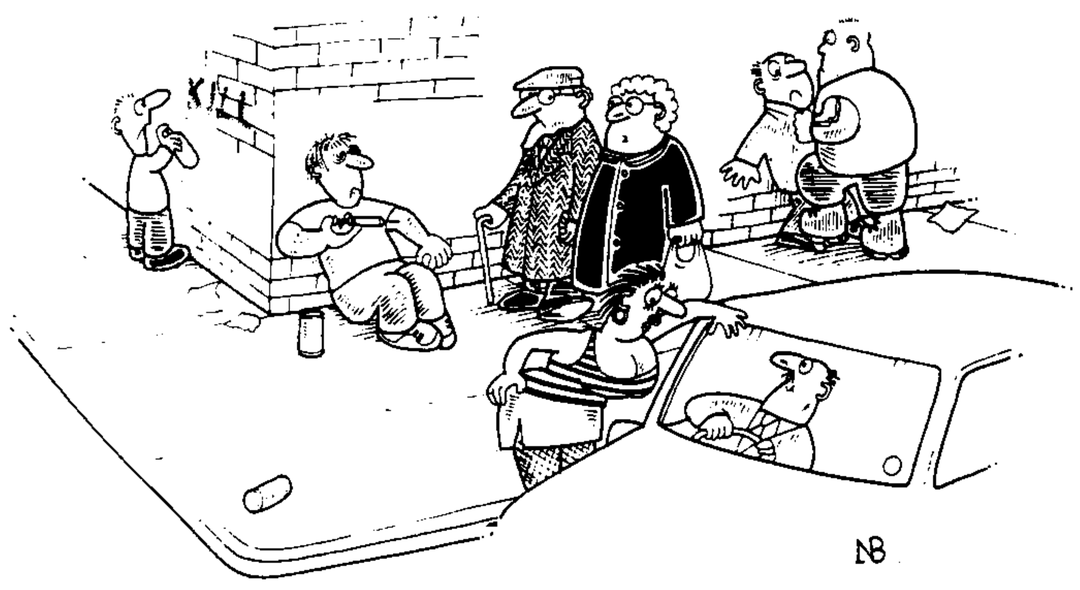
Oh, and you also both had
Lots of criminals as your
Best friends.

That makes two things
You have in common.

E.J. Thribb ("Ol' Blue Anorak", 71½)

# SUPERMODELS

KERBER



*"I can't wait for tax cuts"*

# 'CATTLE-LIKE DISEASE' SPREADS

by Our Media Staff
**Simon Heffer, Brenda Madcow, Brian Boviner** and **Bel Moooooooney**

**A FRIGHTENING new affliction is now spreading across most of the nation's newspapers. Known simply as *Media Cow Disease*, the condition involves journalists going completely mad on the subject of BSE. Jumping across the species, from tabloid to broadsheet, the plague has already paralysed newspapers like the *Times*, the *Telegraph* and the *Daily Mail*.**

There have been huge outbreaks of pieces entitled "Beef, Beef, I Love That Safe Old Beef", as well as massive rashes of articles headed "Ban the Killer Beef Before the World Ends".

Scientists say that the most likely cause of Media Cow Disease is the recycling of rotten old waste matter which is then fed to journalists and endlessly regurgitated.

Newspapers, however, are divided as to the exact link between Beef pieces and the health of their circulations. Most intend to keep on feeding the nation a diet of Beef-cuttings until it is proven that the public is in danger of being bored to death.

## A Doctor writes

# Mad Cow Disease

AS a doctor I am often asked "Is it safe to eat beef?"

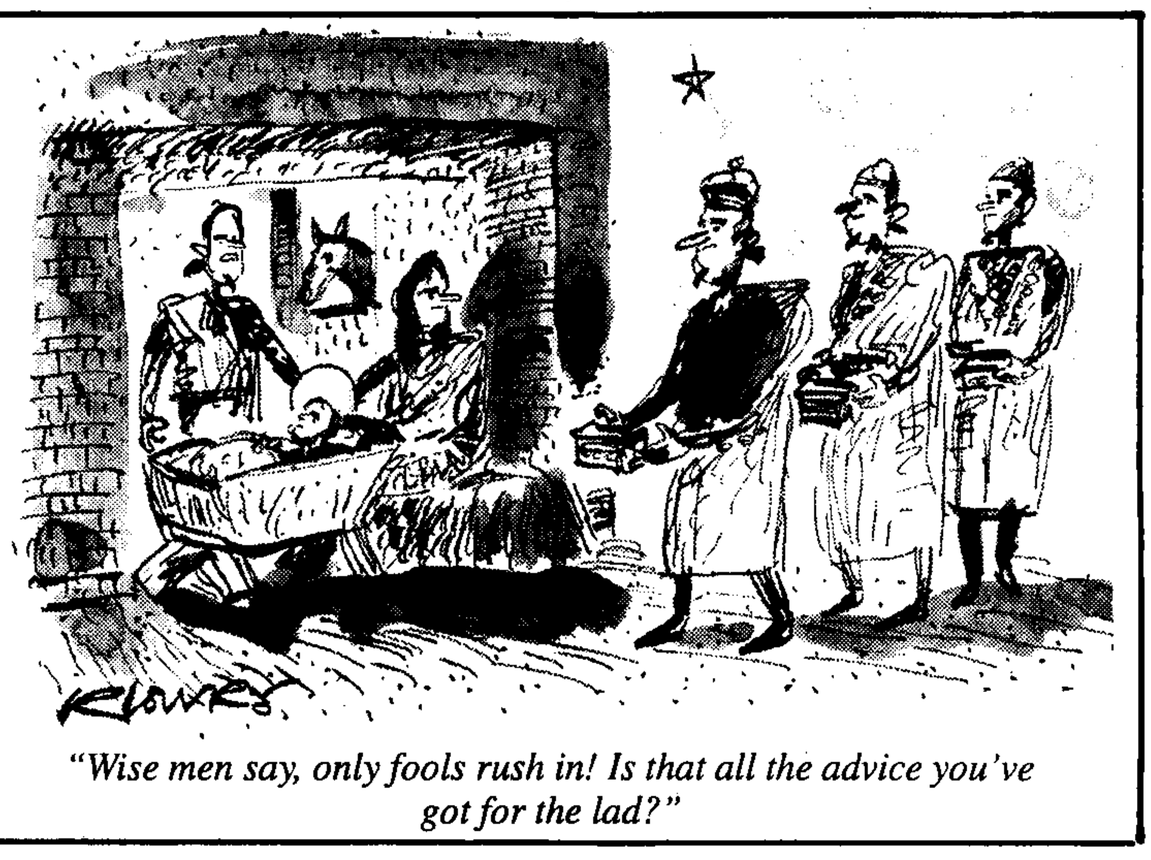
The simple answer is "Which newspaper are you from and how many words would you like?"

The doctor then experiences the traditional symptoms of hysteria, over-excitement, frothing at the thought of the money, and a general softening of the brain. In extreme cases he will contradict himself on two different days, possibly in the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express*.

Sadly, there is no cure for Instant Expert Syndrome or *Medicalis pontifacutus lucrativus*, as it is known to doctors.

If you are worried about eating beef, you should not consult medical opinion at once.

*© A. Doctor*



*"Wise men say, only fools rush in! Is that all the advice you've got for the lad?"*

# Eye's Pick of the Festive Season

## CHRISTMAS FILMS

**CHRISTMAS THURSDAY**
(ITV, 7.30pm)
"The Buzzing" — The inhabitants of a small Oklahoma town are terrorised by invisible aliens who breed wasps inside their heads. Stars Kirk Schlapp and Bonjovi Jensen as the two NASA doctors who try to combat the deadly menace. Watch out for the scene in which diners in a restaurant spontaneously explode, releasing millions of killer wasps from their corpses. Ideal family viewing.

**CHRISTMAS EVE MORNING**
(ITV, 11.00am)
"The Kirkegaard Affair" — Made-for-TV-movie in which divorced psychiatrist Jason Millwall (Victor Zappelin) discovers that he is a serial killer and his first victim is to be himself. Brilliant courtroom scenes with Jamie Lee Toffee as the tough-talking DA, Jenny Van Loon.

**CHRISTMAS DAY DAY**
(ITV, 4.00pm)
"The Buzzing II" — The wasps are back, but this time they are angry. The alien cyberwasps have invaded the President's head and are driving him to start a nuclear war with Iran. Can Jean-Claude Juppé (Dr Krollstein) and his crack SWAT team neutralise the wasps in time to stop Armageddon? Don't miss Beebee Larson's shower sequence where the wasps swarm up the drainpipe and steal her clothes. Disappointing sequel.

*"Coming soon to a stable near you – 'Three Wise Men & A Baby' "*

**BOXING DAY AFTERNOON**
(Channel 4, 6.00pm)
"Balti House Blues" — State-of-the-Nation metaphor for Thatcher's Britain by Bafta Patel. Set in the backstreets of Neasden, "Balti House Blues" tells of the cross-cultural love affair between lesbian IRA suspect, Drogheda O'Broth (Lynn O'Barber), and the young Asian waitress, Punam Hatterjee (Montana Wheen). Rites of passage drama at its very best, spoilt only by the sentimental ending when the lovers both get jobs as signalmen on the London Underground.

**NEW YEAR'S DAY EVENING**
(Channel 4, 11.00pm)
"Ken's Friends" — Black and white seasonal tale of a group of actors getting together in a disused monastery to make a film about a group of actors getting together to make a film about a group of actors getting together to make a film about a group of actors *(We get the idea, Ed.)*.

**NEW YEAR'S EVE DAY**
(BBC2, 3.00am)
"The Lighthouse" — Oscar winning 19th Century New Zealand drama about the life of widower lighthouse keeper Captain "Zipper" Halloran (Harvey McCluskey) who takes on a deaf mute Maori housekeeper (Ulrika Te Kanawa) who changes his life by teaching him the banjo. 184 minutes.

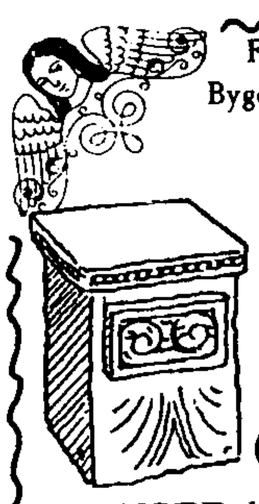
**NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAY TUESDAY**
(BBC2, 11.00pm)
"They Flew To Bruges" — First ever animated version of the 1947 war time classic which *Time Out* described as "The Best Movie Ever Made". Re-set in 14th Century Japan, the parts of the three leading Airmen (Niven, Tomlinson and Ustinov) are reinterpreted as three Samurai warriors who end up in the Belgian capital by mistake on the way to invade Tibet. *(That's enough films, Ed.)*

The PRIVATE EYE Annual — *Magic Private Eye* — is now on sale, price £4.99

# GNOME'S XMA

From the Gnome Bygones Collection

## Authentic Medieval STONE FILING CABINET



AS USED by the Monks at Lindisfarne. Beautifully crafted in Norman stone, this elegant and useful one-drawer cabinet will turn your hi-tec working area into a haven of calm from yesteryear! Weighs no more than the average family car.

*Price: £3,722.35*

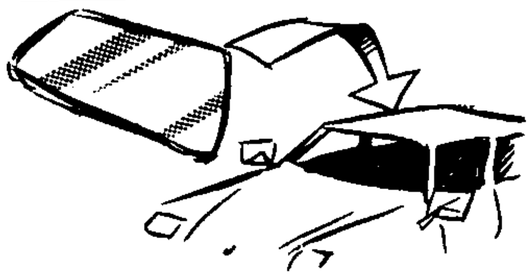
Plays theme tune from *GoldenEye*.

---

*Drive Without Glasses — Safely!*

with

## PRESCRIPTASCREEN



LEAVE those irritating glasses and contact lenses at home — thanks to the new optical sensation from Mexico!

**Prescriptascreen** is specially made to your personal prescription so that your car's windscreen becomes your visual aid to safe driving! *Fools car thieves too!*

**Price: 58p** *(Back windscreen £5,878.99)*

Plays Theme from Renault Clio ad or Theme from Casualty

---

*Calling all Office Workers!!! Worried your sandwich may "go off" before lunch break? Never again, thanks to*

## BRIEF-O-FRIDGE

**Looks just like an ordinary brief-case, but open it up and – hey presto! – it contains a fully refrigerated compartment to hold two rounds of your favourite "sarney" and chilled drink of your choice.**

***● De-Luxe Version also includes toasting and microwave facilities.***

*£426.99 (plus VAT)*
*Plays theme tune from Brittas Empire*

---

## Music Lovers

Now at last you can hear your favourite records just as they should have sounded! Recapture that old-time musi-magic, complete with scratches, clicks and surface hiss!

Just send us your new CDs and, using the latest Korean technology, we will transfer them onto genuine-style old 78 rpm shellac waxings.

**Post at once to Convert-o-Disc, The Gnomophone Record Co., Unit 94, Yeovil Trading Estate, Somerset CD4 1LP.**

**Price: £258.00 per CD**

---

**Is your dog deaf?**

When you shout "Walkies!" does he just stay curled up in his basket?

*He needs*

## HEAR BOY

the first-ever canine hearing aid



Weighing only 2 kilograms, **Hear Boy** amplifies all ambient sound by a factor of 0.0035 per cent.

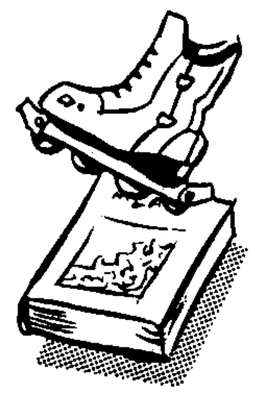
■ *Fits all dogs (except Jaspan terriers, Takis and King Charles Moores).*

Royal Malaysian Veterinary Corps surplus.

**£516.42** (batteries extra)

---

## The Complete ROLLER BLADE GUIDE TO EUROPE

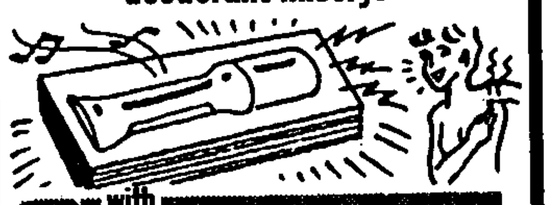


Now at last the definitive guide to Europe's top leisure-travel-mode! Compiled by experts from the Instituto di Mobilebladolini at Udine in Italy, this authoritative atlas of blading gives you all the information you need to cruise the Bladeways of Bruges, Bergerac, Bonn and Basingstoke! 30,000 pages. Fits easily into large suitcase.

**Price: £75.99**

---

**Say goodbye to cold-underarm-deodorant misery!**



with

## AERO-THERM

JUST pop your favourite deodorant into the Aerotherm before you go to bed and — abracadabra! — next day the spray mist is warm as toast!!

Developed by scientists in Tamil Nadu, this breakthrough in underarm thermotechnology will revolutionise your winter mornings.

**Price: £5.55 (plus VAT)**

***Plays theme tune from the BBC's "Pride and Prejudice".***

---

*TRAINLOVERS! No More Mobile Phone Misery with*

## VODAJAM!

Are you sick of men talking loudly into their mobile phones while you're trying to do the cross-word? This tiny device fits snugly into your pocket. Simply switch on and all the mobile phone users will receive a deafening blast of white noise in their ears. Their phones will then be rendered inoperable for up to 24 hours.

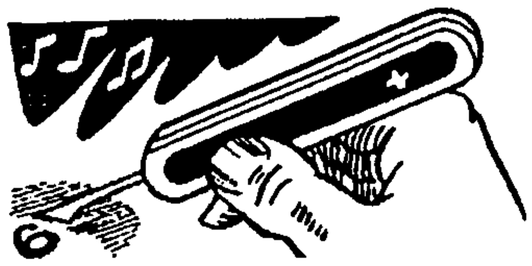
**Price: £57.57 (solar powered)**

***Works on Cellmates, Orangeorder, Yentob, BG and Strepsil.***

---

**What all Scratchcard users have been waiting for !**

## THE SWISS ARMY 'SCRATCHULA'



Fed up with grubby fingernails and germ-laden coins when you're trying to do your Instants?

Now this specially designed tungsten-based aid will enable you to scratch up to 1,000 cards an hour in perfect safety. **Price: £1,246.00**

*Colours: Cilla Black, Grey Gowrie, Red Rum*

Plays theme tune from BBC2's *The Late Review*

---

**Scare the Kiddies rigid this Xmas!**

With your own

## PAULA YATES Horror Mask

Made from washable latex, this lifelike fun mask (as seen on TV's *Whose News Is It Anyway?*) will provide hours of fun for your partners and friends this Yuletide.

**Set of six: 5p**

---

**NOVELTY SENSATION**

## SINGING SNOW from Peru

FROM the mystic peaks of Macu Picu comes the strange-but-true phenomenon of Peruvian singing snow! At last you too can hear the ancient siren of the Andes. Hand-packed by native snow-gatherers and shipped in special thermo-sealed boxes of crafted cardboard.

***WARNING: Owing to temperature variations, some snow may require amplification.***

Price: £580 per box (playing time 6 minutes)

**As heard on Classic FM!**

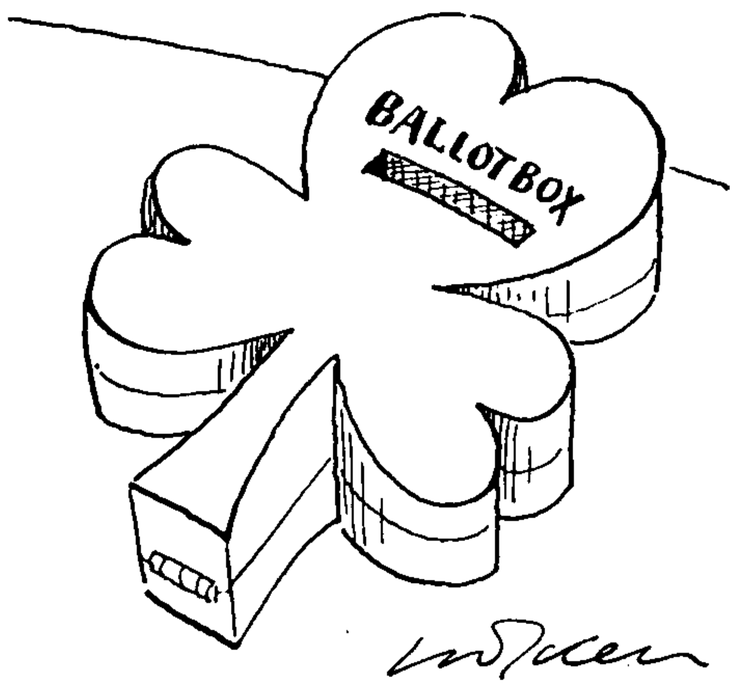
# The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

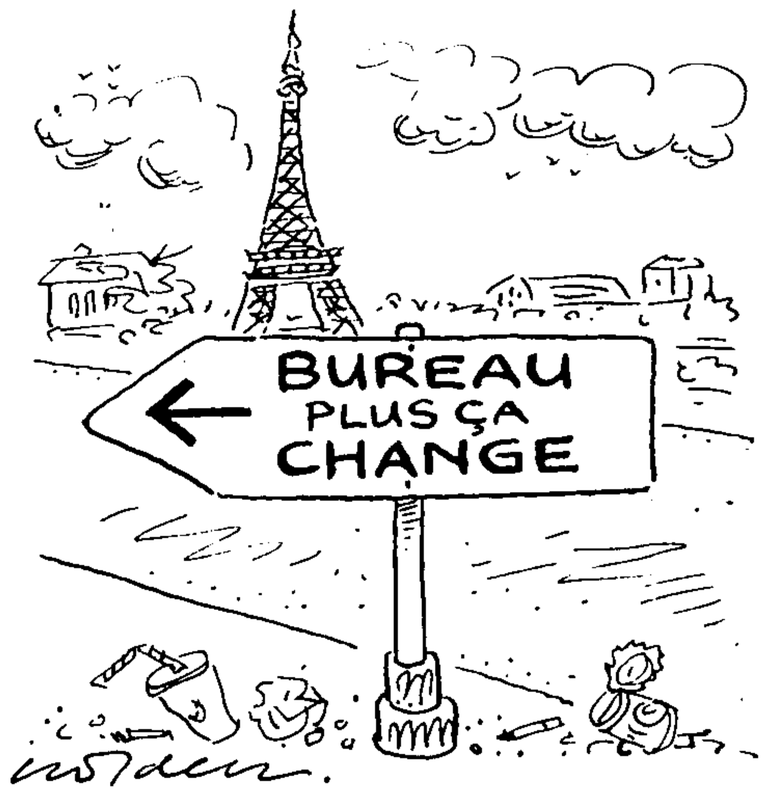
## Tuesday

At last I think we have turned the corner! Not that we needed to turn the corner, oh no. But undoubtedly Mr Clarke's very clever budget has put us on track for a historic victory at the next election. First he fooled everyone into thinking that he was going to announce huge tax cuts to make us popular. Then he did nothing of the sort! This completely wrong-footed the Labour Party who were left speechless at his cleverness. When he had finished there was complete silence and then one or two Labour MPs shouted "bye, bye". This was obviously their way of saying that Mr Blair was on his way out, since he had no answer to Mr Clarke's brilliant proposal to increase the upper limit of capital gains allowances by £1.57 a week for everyone in Tax Band G. Our side was so impressed that they all rushed out to the bar to buy the new cheap whisky which, thanks to Mr Clarke, now costs only £12.58 a bottle. When I got home, my wife Norman had done a calculation showing that a married couple with grown-up children, living in 10 Downing Street, would soon have to move house.

## Wednesday

I am very not inconsiderably seriously in no small measure furious at Mr Clinton. Instead of the papers being full of Mr Clarke's brilliant budget, they were full of Mr Clinton's visit to Belfast. They all said that it was Mr Clinton who had brought peace to Ireland, when it is extremely well-known that only one person has brought peace to Ireland, ie me and Mr Bruton (although Mr Bruton has not done very much). It wasn't Mr Clinton who had the brilliant idea of having a twin-track peace process, which works like a dual-carriageway, with a central reservation for safety purposes keeping apart the two sides who are going in opposite directions. It was me, and it is really in my judgement not inconsiderably infuriating to see him going to Ireland just to win votes for his next election. If anyone deserves to win an election because of bringing peace to Northern Ireland, it is me.




## Thursday

Mr Rifkind came in very excitedly to say that France was collapsing in chaos. There were millions of people on strike, rubbish was piling up in the streets and bodies were remaining unburied. "Thank goodness," he said in his funny Scottish dalek voice, "that terrible things like that couldn't happen here any longer." "You are right," I said. "Thanks to my brilliant negotiating of the opt-out clause on the social chapter at Maastricht." "Not entirely," said Mr Rifkind. "I was thinking more of Mrs Thatcher's brilliant and historic success in abolishing the trade unions." "Don't I get any credit?" I asked him not uncrossly. "Of course," he said. "Since you have abolished all the public services, they cannot grind to a halt."

## Friday

Today I was in Florence which is in Italy to meet the Italian prime minister. "Hullo, Mr Signor Andreotti," I said to the small fat man who came to meet me at the airport. "No, he is in prison," said the Italian. "Oh yes," I said. "You are Mr Signor Berlusconi." "No," he said, "he is in prison too. I am Lamberto Dini." "Ah," I said, "so you are the one who will be in prison next week." At this he looked not inconsiderably cross, so our meeting did not get off to the best of starts. This was a pity since we had very important matters to discuss, ie how to stop Mr Herr Kohl and Mr Monsieur Chirac telling us what to do. I could tell that Signor Dini was very keen to get into the fast lane towards the Monetary Union. But unfortunately his battery was flat and someone had stolen the wheels to his car. Britain, on the other hand, has a very good car with plenty of wheels and a battery that is in perfect working order, thanks to the fact that we left the ERM by a slip-road. So now obviously Britain is not so keen to get back in the fast lane and have big German cars coming up behind us flashing their lights. I explained all this in detail to Mr Dini, who listened very carefully and then said: "If I was you, Giovanni, I would no more eata the beef."

## Monday

I am heartily in no small measure sick of reading stories suggesting that I am going to resign and that Mr Heseltine is going to take over. In fact I went in to see Mr Heseltine, who let me in after only half an hour's waiting by the door with the red light on, and told him what I thought.

"If these sort of unfounded rumours persist," I said, "I shall have to resign."

Mr Heseltine smiled in agreement and then joked that in that case he would take over, as agreed. He is a very kind man with a wonderful sense of humour that is not always appreciated.

## Tuesday

Once again I am pleased to record that Downing Street security is second to none. The police rang to say that there was a gentleman at the gate claiming to be my brother and attempting to deliver a Christmas card in order to save the 25p stamp. I told them to employ a simple test on the intruder, viz: "Ask him what colour hats the fishing gnomes wore in the 'D' batches of January 1953."

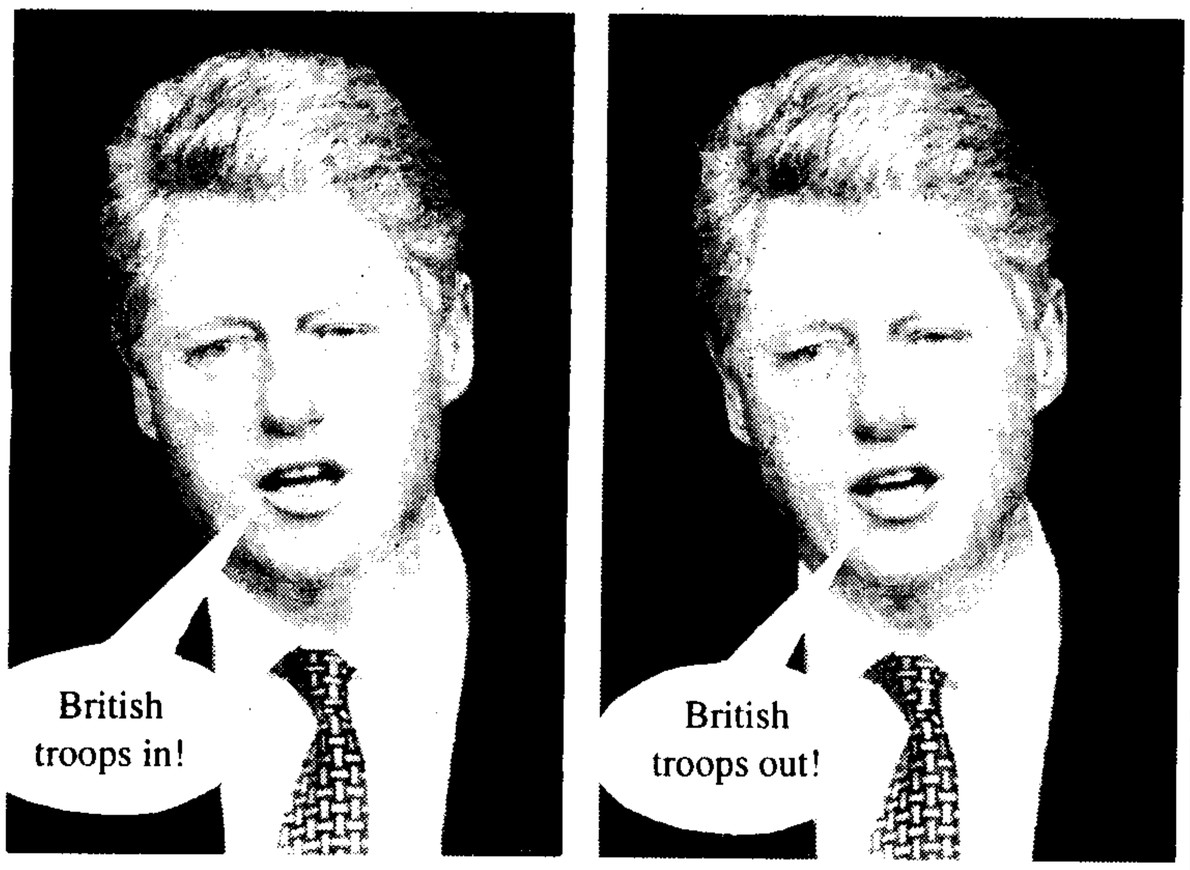
This was a trick question, as the gnomes made for Wallington Garden Centres that year did not wear hats at all!

The police said that the impostor had given the correct answer, adding that it was all in his book on page 168 as I knew perfectly well even though I said I had not read it.

I suggested that the police hold the suspect over night anyway to teach him a lesson.

On sale now — **The 4th and Final Secret Diary of John Major**. £4.99

# PEACE PROCESSES



## Great Bores Of Today.

"... all right all right I'm just doing the Queen's Speech so that we don't have to get up from lunch... then if we watch the Bond film on ITV we can record Victor Meldrew on BBC1... that's 76432... what?... don't all talk at once I've forgotten it now so I've got to start again... Videoplus... press clock... timeset... oh no it hasn't done the Australian wildlife programme on 4... wait a minute... yes I've got Wallace and Gromit... now who wanted Christmas Disneytime? no one? well... we've got to have something for Sam and Rachel... what about The Snowman? too bad... look this is a four-hour tape and if I put it on Long Play we get eight hours continuous viewing which includes the EastEnders Special and the Coronation Street Yuletide Omnibus... now what was that film again? Basic Exposure? no we've seen that one or was it the other one? look there's a Clint Eastwood season we can't miss that... cancel... stop... programme? oh no the clock's gone off again... I think next year we'll get another video to record all the other things... now what about the Queen's Speech...?"

## IN THE COURTS

# 'How dare you say I'm an MP?' says Gay

The trial resumed today before Mr Justice Cocklecarrot of the libel action brought by Mr Julian Gaytrouser against the Sunday Times.

**Sir Ephraim Hugefee QC** *(for the plaintiff):* My lord, I submit that there has never been a more opprobrious libel than the suggestion that my client Mr Gaytrouser is a practising member of the House of Commons. Imagine how my client, a highly-respected and distinguished member of the gay community, felt when he opened his newspaper and saw the headline "This Man Got Into Bed With John Major". *(Gasps)*

**Mr Justice Cocklecarrot**: "Who is Mr John Major?" *(Laughter)*

**Sir Ephraim:** "I believe, my lord, he is the brother of a famous televisual celebrity, Mr Terence Major-Ball."

**Cocklecarrot:** "I am obliged to you. Pray continue."

### Called to the Gay Bar

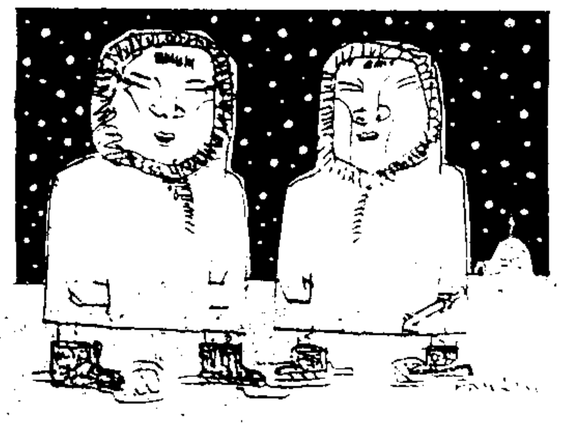
Mr Gaytrouser was cross-examined by Sir Hartley Red-face QC for the Sunday Times, over his alleged visits to the notorious Annie's Bar in Westminster.

**Sir Hartley:** "Are you telling the jury, Mr Gaytrouser, that you were unaware that this bar was a notorious haunt for politicians and people of that sort?"

**Gaytrouser:** "I just went in there for a drink. Everyone seemed quite normal. It was only afterwards I realised that all of them were MPs."

**Sir Hartley:** "Come, come, Mr Gaytrouser. You are a man of the world, are you not? Did not any of them approach you with a suggestion that you should then pay them money in return for 'services' on 'the floor'?"

*The case continues*



*"Turned out nice again..."*

# XMAS MAILMART

**LONG DISTANCE AIR TRAVELLERS**

*Step off the plane refreshed thanks to the in-flight shower sensation*

## WASH 'n' FLY

SELF-inflating shower unit packs easily into your hand luggage. Simply add water and – hey presto! – Wash 'n' Fly is ready to use. No mess. No fuss.

Optional hair-dryer — FREE when you buy two. **£45,672 (+ VAT).**

Tube lovers

*Fed up with being packed like sardines on the Northern Line?*

*Try* **ELECTROJACK**

Looks like an ordinary jacket but when touched gives off a powerful electric shock! Contains micro-circuit with variable adjustable volt rating from 50v (a few people) to 10,000v (peak time). Just switch on and, hey presto!, you've got your own personal space back.

**Price: £79.99**

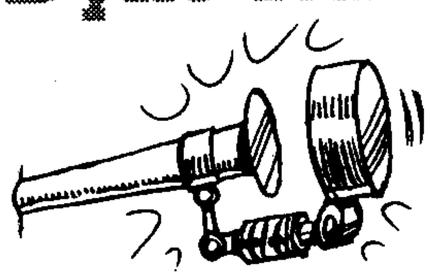
**(plus batteries)**

*Jacket styles: Tweed, Barbour, Anorak, Oxfam*

New From Moscow

**Latest in Nail Technology perfected by DIY experts in Nantes**

## Dyno-Nail



**NO more bruised thumbs thanks to this miracle of the DIY scene. Each nail contains a powerful "self-hammering" mechanism which eliminates the need for any other tool. Simply switch on and hey presto — nail's in wall!**

**Packet of 3: £499.99**

From The Gnome Bygones Collection

## 4th Century SAMURAI TOASTER

MADE from the original moulds of the legendary Samurai Toasters, these cast-iron works of art still make perfect toast! Just add coal or wood, allow warming plates to heat, and — Banzai!! — within days you can be eating toast, Japanese warrior style!

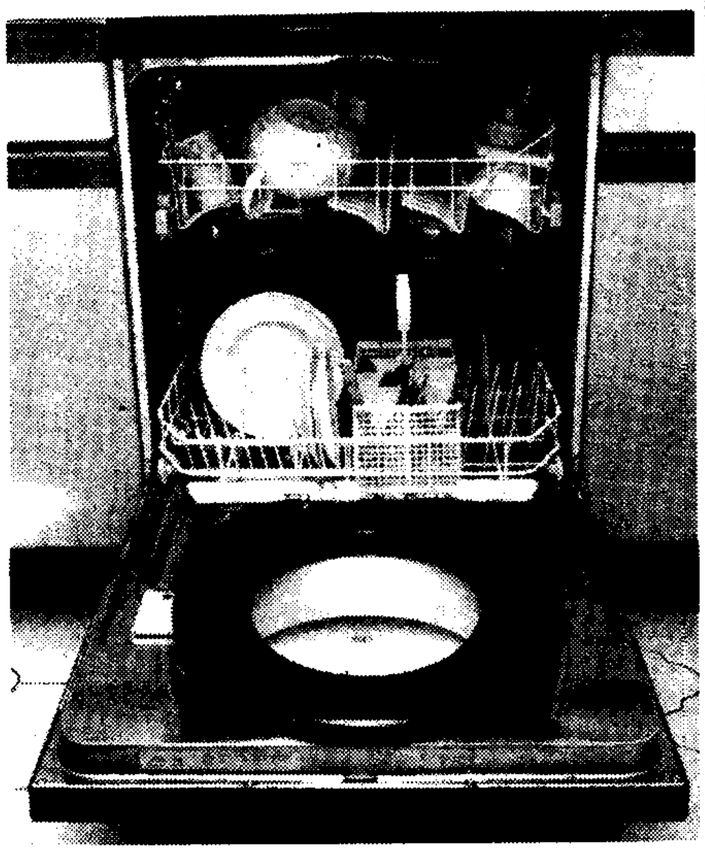
*Price: £798.32p*

Choice of Finish: Sushi, Sony, Yoko Ono.

An extra toilet in seconds!

*with*

## DISH-O-LOO



SAY goodbye to lack-of-lavatory misery! No more guests wandering around your house "bursting to go" because you've only got one toilet!

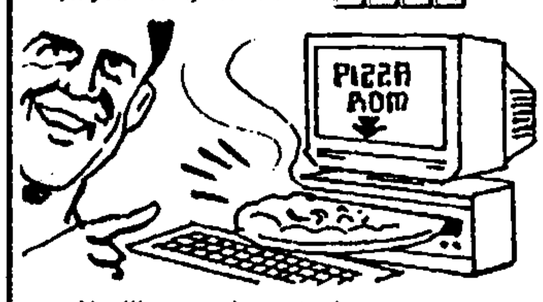
Now Dish-O-Loo converts your dishwasher into a fully operational WC. Perfected by NASA scientists for use in the space shuttle, it fits quickly and easily into all makes of machine!

**Price: £4,000.00**
(plus fitting).
*Colours: Avocado, Peach, English Heritage White*

**INFORMATION HIGHWAY REVOLUTION!**

*Say Goodbye to Surfing-the-Internet-Hunger-Misery when you fit your computer with* CD

## PIZZA-ROM




You'll never have to leave your screen again! Simply pop a pizza into your CD drive slot, select cook program, and — hey presto! — out comes your meal in a minute!

**Price: £599.99** *(Windows 95 compatible)*

***Also works for Pop Tarts, Garlic Bread and Burgers.***

*Plays theme tune from TV's Men Behaving Badly*

Xmas Novelty from the Tate Gallery

## Dead Cow In A Snowstorm

(based on Turner-Prize-winning masterpiece by Damien Hirst)

*Says Tate Gallery supremo Nick Serota: "I will be giving one to all my friends this Yule."*

**Price: £2.99**

*Plays theme tune from TV's Animal Hospital with Rolf Harris*

**Lottery Lovers!!!**

## TIBETAN RUNIC DICE

NOW in the UK for the first time! Welcome Lady Luck into your own home with these age-old five-sided harbingers of good fortune! For thousands of years Tibetan monks have "rolled the runes" as an aid to foreseeing the future. Now, with the help of the 2,000-page Tibetan Book of the Dice, you can see your own lottery numbers come up week after week!

*Price: £286.48 for full set of dice in hand-carved plastic plus booklet in original Tibetan — £58 extra!*

***New From the Makers of Alcoholic Lemonade***

## Alcoholic CORNFLAKES™

**Why stop at fizzy drinks! Why not start the day with a ZING!**

**Snap! Crackle! Booze! With this breakfast sensation that everyone is talking about!**

**While the sausages are sizzling, *you're* sozzling!**

STRICT WARNING: This product is not suitable for children, but you can give it to them anyway.

**Price: 22p per cubic centimetre**

**New from the Jungles of Sarawak**

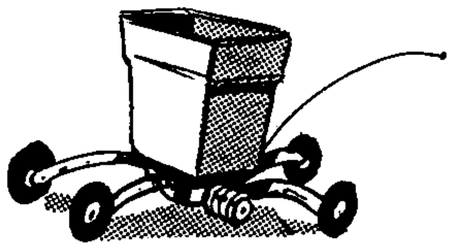
## The Miming Moths of Manaos

IT SEEMS incredible but these tiny nocturnal creatures can actually mime to any piece of music of your choice.

Hits your moths will mime to: Michael Jackson, Blur, Oasis, etc.

**Set of 6 moths: £200,000**

Fed up with Wheelie Strain? Never again, thanks to the world's first fully-motorised wheelie-bin, the **BJ7XR3**



A boon for the senior citizen who dreads Refuse Collection Day! Based on the NASA Moon Buggy, the **BJ7XR3** carries up to 10 metric tonnes of domestic refuse (no grass cuttings). *Available in kit-form only.* **Price: £32,412.00**

*Colours: Yellow Pages, Oranjeboom, Redwood, Lycett Green*

*Plays theme tune from TV's One Foot In The Grave*

# DIARY SPECIAL

# CHRISTMAS CRACKER

*'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house*
*Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse*
*The stockings were hung by the chimney with care*
*Tight fast round the necks of the inhabitants there*
*Around Mamma the prostitute and Papa the grass*
*Around Sally the nympho and Wee Brian the Arse*
*And the children were strangled all snug in their bed*
*Whilst Jemima the klepto was pumped full of lead*
*And there's Uncle Charlie nestled in the deep freeze*
*All deep black and blue, except for his knees*
*(Which were elsewhere, baking hot in the oven*
*— A seasonal repast for the Freemasons' coven)*

*'Twas the ratings that killed 'em, that cold Christmas night*
*For nowt boosts the figures like a rape or a fight —*
*Child abuse and butchery are both of the essence*
*When it comes to selecting today's TV presents*
*And Mamma splayed flat, kerchief stuffed in her mouth —*
*'There's summat nasty in that h-h-h-h-houth'*
*Reported the youth with the lisp and the stutter*
*Who spent his days doing something horrid with butter.*
*In answer the thick inspector barked, 'Right!*
*You're under arrest, you filthy little piece of shite*
*You're on the drugs, out yer 'ed, totally plastered*
*You bastardy bastardy bastardy bastard!'*
*Four bastards already, and still hours to go*
*No wonder that Cracker's the top-rated show!*

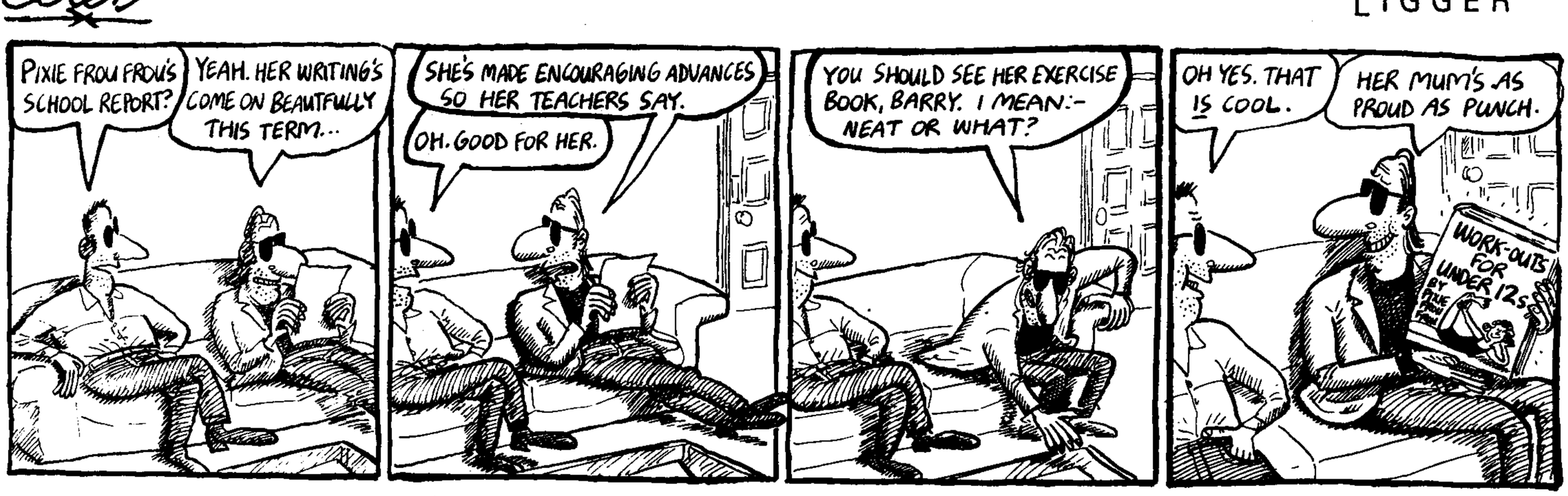
*And in the Confessional that cold Christmas Day*
*Knelt Father O'Halloran, transvestite and gay*
*With blood-spatter'd surplice and murderous glint:*
*'I absolve you yer sins, yer two-timin' bint!'*
*And in the mortuary, CUT TO FRIDGE DOOR*
*What's this? The stark-naked corpse of awhore*
*Dredged up from the river, proving life is unjust,*
*A tasteful wisp of sea-weed strewn over her bust.*
*'Let's 'ave 'em in CLOSE-UP! Stop breathin' love!*
*Super! And now a tasty SHOT FROM ABOVE!'*
*No series could get off to a more elegant start*
*With the moon on the breasts of a fresh-fallen tart*
*CUT TO THE URINALS, six coppers back to front:*
*'Bloody' 'Bastard' 'Wanker' 'Grunt' 'Grunt' 'Grunt'.*

*When, what to our wondering eyes should appear,*
*But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer*
*Yelling foul-mouthed abuse, their legs all askew:*
*There's nowt like a seasonal sniffing of glue.*
*More raddled than skunks these coursers they came,*
*And Fitz whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:*
*'Now fuck you! Now piss off! Now bugger and to hell!*
*On, gobshite! On, bleeder! This language should sell!'*
*So up to the housetop the coursers they flew*
*With the sleigh full of nick-nacks, and Dr Fitz too.*
*He was dressed all in black, from his head to his toe,*
*His sackful of evidence all ready to go:*
*Flick-knives and used condoms, all caked in crud*
*Plus DNA samples of sweat, semen and blood*
*Blow-up dollies punctured after too many beddings,*
*Crucifixes used in black magic weddings*
*A child's skull, five hacksaws, two flick-knives, a gun:*
*The ideal ingredients for true festive fun.*

*Fitz spoke not a word, but went straight to his job,*
*Cross-questioning suspects with a burp and a gob,*
*Busily delousing our grim festered nation*
*Tripping up suspects by free association:*
*'Sun?' 'Burn' 'Woman?' 'Beast' 'Penis? 'Knife' 'Mother?' 'Kill'*
*'I have reason to believe this man is mentally ill'*
*With a wink of his eye, a twist of his head*
*And a 'Don't give me that crap?', Fitz sighed and said,*
*'Charlie blackmailed the junkie for buggering the rapist*
*Who murdered the prostitute who shagged the papist*
*Who strangled the transvestite who tortured the queer*
*Who molested the pornographer — it's all very clear!'*

*Fitz could tell in a flash who was good and who'd flipped*
*But then so could you if you'd been given the script.*
*He sprang to his sleigh, to his deers gave a holler.*
*Alas, nothing stirred: they were just bones and a collar.*
*But who'd shot his reindeers? And who ate his venison?*
*Breathe not a word: it was DCI Tennison!*
*So I heard Fitz exclaim, ere he slouched out of sight:*
*'Sodding Christmas to all, and to all a gob night'*




PIXIE FROU FROU'S SCHOOL REPORT?
YEAH. HER WRITING'S COME ON BEAUTFULLY THIS TERM...
SHE'S MADE ENCOURAGING ADVANCES SO HER TEACHERS SAY.
OH. GOOD FOR HER.
YOU SHOULD SEE HER EXERCISE BOOK, BARRY. I MEAN:- NEAT OR WHAT?
OH YES. THAT IS COOL.
HER MUM'S AS PROUD AS PUNCH.
WORK-OUTS FOR UNDER 12s

THE SUNDAY PANTOTIMES

# Cindirella Tells 'Real Story Behind Fairy Tale'

by Our Palace Staff
**Pantomime Dame Barbara Cartland and Ned Widow Twanky**

IN a heart-rending Royal Exclusive broadcast to all the good folk of the kingdom, Princess Cindirella talked frankly about her life, her marriage and her hopes for the future.

Her amazingly candid revelations told:

● How "Cinders" was locked up in the palace by her wicked mother-in-law and forced to perform menial tasks like shaking hands and going to Canada.

● How Fatty Buttons was not her friend at all but a close ally of her husband who put about rumours that she was paranoid.

● How Prince Charmless had never loved her and how he had always wanted to marry the ugly sister, Camilla.

● How at midnight on the day of their wedding Prince Charmless had suddenly turned into a bore.

● How in the depths of despair her only friends had been a series of rats called Hewitt, Gilbey, Hoare and Carling.

● How at last a Fairy Auntie called the BBC had appeared in her apartments and, with a wave of the director's hand, had transformed her from a scheming, manipulative adventuress into a sympathetic, vulnerable saint and martyr.

● How the Fairy Auntie had given her a wonderful coach (Susie Orbach) and had told her "You *shall* have his balls" and how Auntie had kept that promise.

Last night friends of Prince Charmless attacked Cinders' disclosures and called her "a dangerous lunatic". However, friends of the Princess denied this saying: "Oh, no, she isn't."

Palace officials responded with the statement "Oh, yes, she is."

The Editor of the Sundi Telegraph then hit back with a leader entitled "Oh, no, she isn't."

This was countered by top gossip Humpty Dumpster who revealed exclusively "Oh, yes, she is", shortly before falling off a wall *(Get on with it. 'Egg', shurely? Ed.)*

The Princess has since been in secret talks with the King and Queen about her future role.

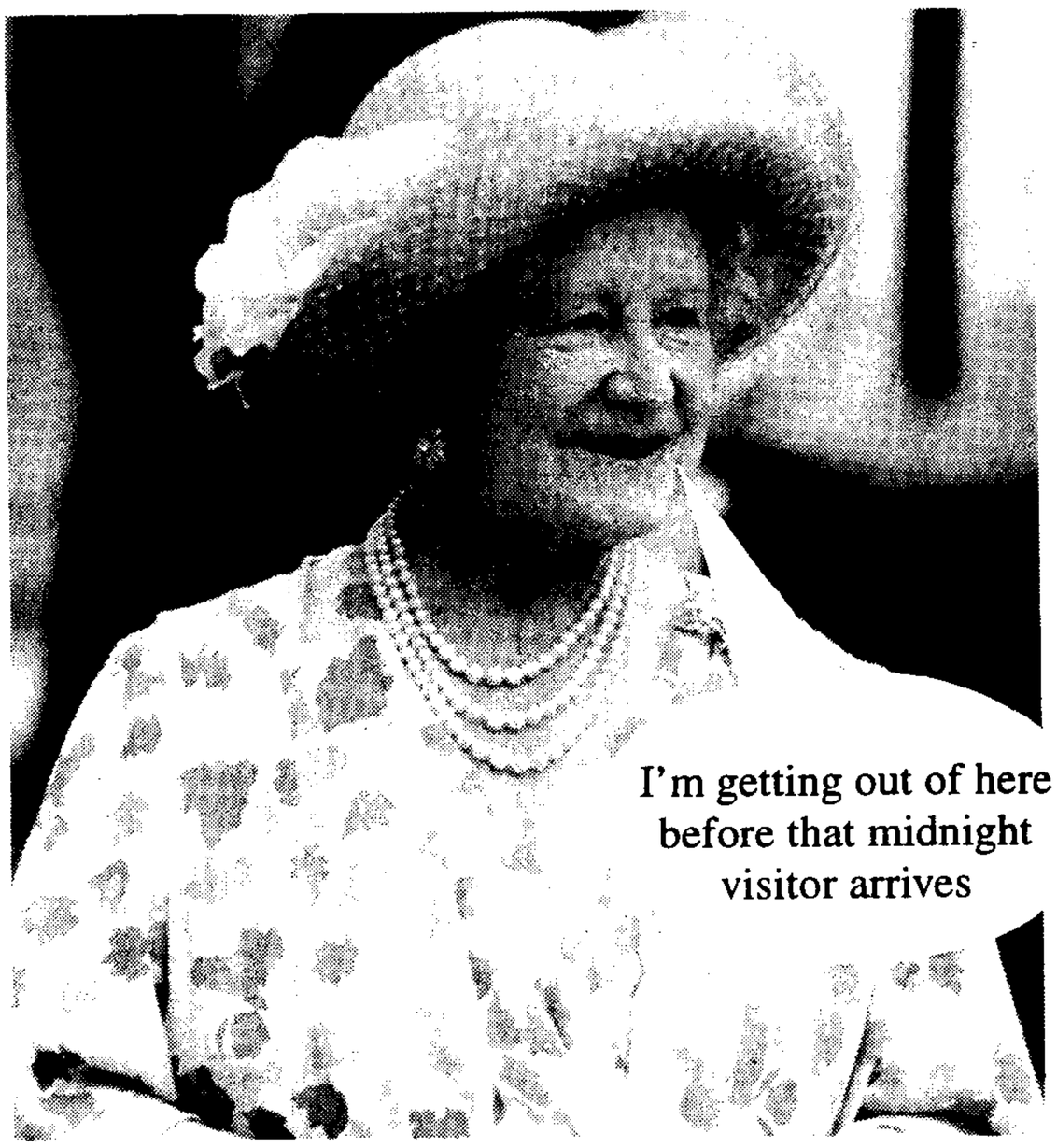
"I'm not going to be Cindirella any more," she declared. "From now on I'm going to be Mother Goose" *(shurely 'Teresa'? Ed)*.

**Cindirella caught late last night leaving the stage by our investigative artist**

**2.15** 8 declared — *Their Royal Highnesses The Prince and Princess of Wales Challenge Trophy Amateur Riders' Handicap Chase (Class F)* — *Winner £3,061* — 3m

*Racing Post*

# QUEEN MOTHER LEAVES HOSPITAL



I'm getting out of here before that midnight visitor arrives

# CHRISTMAS TV SPECIAL

Channel 4's highlight this Christmas will be a 4-hour reassessment by top iconoclast Christopher Hitchens of "The Life And Career of Jesus of Nazareth".

Says Hitchens: "For thousands of years the gullible masses have been fed the myth that Jesus was somehow a good man, a teacher, a leader, even a saint".

Yet, as Hitchens shows in his programme, the so-called Carpenter of Nazareth was in fact a deeply-reactionary bigot, who spoke out against the emancipation of women and who colluded with the Roman imperialist war machine. His so-called teachings never confronted such key issues as gay rights, abortion and women High Priests.

The self-styled "Son of God", Hitchens claims, with the aid of newly discovered film (the Dead Sea Videos), was in fact a shameless self-publicist, who after his death was linked with many of history's most notorious Fascists, such as Pope Innocent III, Torquemada and Mother Teresa. *(Christmas Day 3-7pm.)*

**Shorter bangs could make Princess Di happier**

arab news

# *footnotes*

# YORKSHIRE PUDDINGS

**YORKSHIRE, one of the wettest counties in the world, has run out of water. Everyone agrees this is the result of staggering incompetence, complacency and negligence by the directors of Yorkshire Water Plc over the last five years.**

The table below shows how they and their shareholders have been punished since privatisation in 1990:

| | 1990 | 1995 |
|---|---|---|
| **DIVIDENDS PAID:** | £20.2m | £55.8m |
| **DIRECTORS' PAY:** | £367,000 | £641,000 |
| **CHAIRMAN'S PAY:** | £75,000 | £189,000 |

**Note i)** In 1985, during the bad old days of public ownership, the total directors' pay of all members of the old Yorkshire Water Authority came to £200,000. The figure was exactly the same four years later, in 1989, the last year before privatisation. All the main executive directors of the privatised company came from the old authority.

**Note ii)** In 1993, Yorkshire Water chairman Sir Gordon Jones "exercised" 64,999 share options, netting himself a cool £158,023 profit.

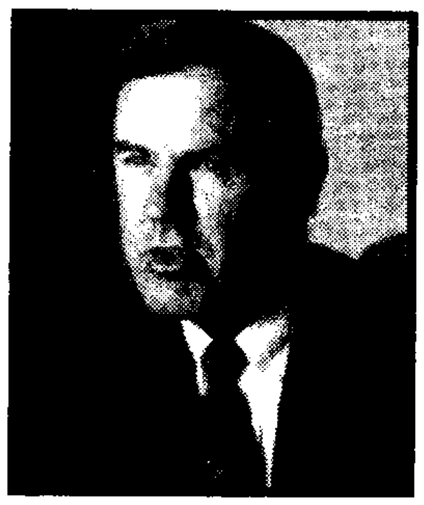
**Note iii)** In 1993, John Bell, a Yorkshire Water director, "exercised" share options for a profit of £119,035.

**Note iv)** In 1994, Yorkshire Water's managing director, Mr Trevor Newton OBE, "exercised" share options for a profit of £73,920.

**Note v)** Sir Giles Shaw, Tory MP for Pudsey, a strong advocate of privatisation, was a paid director of Yorkshire Water until he resigned (just in time) earlier this year.

**Note vi)** Gamekeeper turned poacher department. The next managing director of Yorkshire Water will be Kevin Bond. Bond is now chief executive of the National Rivers Authority, which prosecutes water companies for pollution and other offences. Yorkshire Water is in the "Worst Five" companies to be prosecuted by the National Rivers Authority.

*SIR GORDON JONES*



*TREVOR NEWTON OBE*

***YORKSHIRE WATER, whose managing director boasted recently that he hadn't had a bath for three months, provided this advertisement for Bradford Schools' FA Handbook for 1995-1996.***

# Lockerbie latest: FCO... 1 FBI... 0

**■ IN YET another adjournment debate launched by Tam Dalyell MP into the scandal of the 270 unsolved murders at Lockerbie, foreign office minister Jeremy Hanley surprised the Commons by revealing a piece of hard information.**

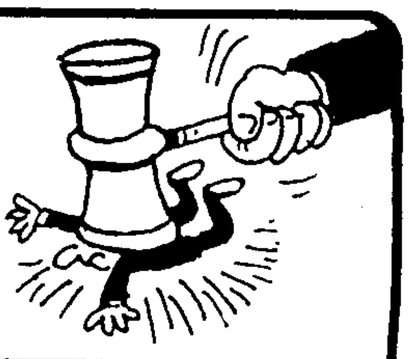
The crucial piece of evidence which, according to British and US governments, links the Lockerbie bombing to two Libyan airline officials is a fragment of circuit board which has allegedly been traced to a timing device sold to Libya.

Mr Hanley can't tell the House where this vital piece of evidence was found or where it is now. But he did reveal that the forensic work on the fragment was done at the MoD's Royal Armaments Research and Development Establishment (RARDE) in Kent.

That refutes the consistent claims of the American FBI that its expert Thomas Thurman was the forensic genius who linked the circuit board to the timer. Hanley's claim comes hard on the heels of the news, first published in the *Eye*, that Thurman is under investigation by the US department of justice for fabricating forensic evidence in another bombing case.

PS: The man in charge of the RARDE investigation was Dr Thomas Hayes, a prominent witness in the conviction of the Maguire family for having explosives in their house. No explosives were ever found there and the family, bitterly protesting their innocence, were solely convicted on the evidence of Hayes and his RARDE colleagues. The Maguires have since been cleared and RARDE scientists, including Hayes, trenchantly criticised in a special report on the case by Sir John May.

# Beaks of the Week



**JP's: Mr Keith Taylor, Mr Roy Pooley, Mr Harry Pike and Mr Robert Lander**

**■ WHEN George Smedburgh, 74, attended Ilkeston magistrates' court to explain £272 poll tax arrears, he had an epileptic fit.**

His wife Doris, 80, who was with him, was so upset that she soiled herself and had to leave the court to change her clothes. The magistrates were so moved that they sent both the Smedburghs to prison for 28 days. Gallantly, they suspended the sentence as long as the couple paid £2 a week out of their pension towards the arrears.

Somehow the Smedburghs managed to pay the lot. But Erewash council credited the payments to the wrong account. When the right account was found to be in deficit, the Labour-controlled council promptly sent its "enforcement officer", a man with no legal qualifications, back to the magistrates to demand that the Smedburghs be packed off to jail. The Smedburghs were not in court. The old man had already told his local newspaper he had paid all his poll tax arrears and wasn't going to court to answer for a debt he didn't owe.

The magistrates, chaired by Keith Taylor JP, were not impressed. In an exhilarating display of compassion, they ordered the police to arrest the couple and pack them off to prison. The noble constable who went to their home, however, engaged in a rare display of civil disobedience. He bluntly refused to arrest the two old people, declaring that they should be in a nursing home, not in prison.

In December 1993 the magistrates' decision to jail the couple was quashed in the high court by Mr Justice Auld. He declared the magistrates' behaviour "unlawful and unreasonable" and awarded costs against them.

How much did this setback affect the Ilkeston magistrates? Last month another bench, comprised of justices Roy Pooley, Harry Pike and Robert Lander, were confronted with the awkward case of Willy Abel, 70, a veteran from the anti-fascist Polish army in the last war. Though he has lived in Britain since the war, Mr Abel has never taken out British citizenship and it is not clear whether he is liable for poll tax.

Long ago he consulted his MP, Mrs Angela Knight, on the matter. In December 1993 she wrote to him: "Thank you for coming to my surgery in Ilkeston. I will make further inquiries regarding you paying the community charge and also the procedure and how much it costs to become a British national. When I have some further information I will come back to you."

The problems were obviously extremely complicated because in the two years since that letter, Mr Abel hasn't heard from his MP. He carries her letter with him to show that his status as a poll tax payer is in doubt. He had it on him when he went to Ilkeston magistrates court on 27 October to explain his poll tax arrears. Once again the magistrates were not impressed. They sent the old man to Leicester prison for 34 days.

Fortunately his case was drawn to the attention of Richard Wise, a Stoke lawyer who specialises in getting people out of prison who should never have been sent there. An application to Mr Justice Latham freed Mr Abel after nine days — on 6 November. The behaviour of Ilkeston magistrates will once again be reviewed in the high court. Their prospects are believed to be poor.

# Literary Review

## BOOKS OF THE YEAR

Books of the year round-ups don't elevate individual judgements, they mash them all together, composting them down into a smelly but nutritious mulch to spread over the floors of the bookshops. Experienced reviewers understand this. They've been there before. It's why they feel no shame about abusing the system, gaily scratching backs, blithely appearing in more than one paper.

This year the old reliables were back in bulk: John Mortimer, Malcolm Bradbury, Hilary Mantel, Barry Unsworth and Barbara Cartland all

managed three or four appearances, and absolutely everybody who's anybody was in at least twice — nearly 30 of them this year. When it comes to totting up the totals of votes cast, so far from discounting the multiple entry merchants, it would be more realistic in future to disregard the weedy amateurs who only manage a single showing.

Nonethless there are still degrees of professionalism and when it comes to being a dirty plugger you have to hand it to that fruity old perve, J.G. Ballard. He's not young any more and he's hardly a teetotaller, but he doesn't let things slip. He chose Will Self's collected brayings, *Junk Mail*, in the *Times* ("characteristic high-octane prose"), the *Sunday Times* ("pacy, high-octane style"), the *Daily Telegraph* ("a high octane prose that accelerates from 0 to 60 before you can finish a paragraph"), the *Observer* ("slams through the letter-box and hits the door-mat running... punchy, high-octane style") and finally in the *Guardian*. In the poor ole *Gurnard*, Ballard just called it "an explosive collection". Too early in the morning, forgot the word, do you think?

By the strangest, the most magical coincidence, any poor sap who buys *Junk Mail* will find that much the longest piece it contains is — lo and behold! — a dialogue between those modern masters, Will Self and J.G. Ballard. Guess what? They get on like a house on fire. (Sample exchange: "WS: *You are making a precise point... Given a few cups of well-preserved semen, the need for men simply isn't there any more.* JGB: *And this is true, isn't it?* WS: *It is.*" There's the world sorted for you.)

After this, what price run of the mill back-scratching and self-congratulation? Who cares that Nigel Nicolson thought it appropriate to choose *Remembering My Good Friends* by George Weidenfeld (yup, of Weidenfeld and Nicolson), saying "Lord Weidenfeld is as nice about me as he is about all his friends"? Or that Bevis Hillier, the biographer of John Betjeman, found it expedient to grovel to Betjeman's daughter Candida so enthusiastically ("They say that talent sometimes skips a generation. In her case, it has not")?

Or that Andro Linklater chose an out of print book by his dad? Or that John Fowles again chose a book by his Dorset neighbour? Or that Andrew Barrow nominated his ex-wife? Or that Malcolm Bradbury gave three separate puffs to the one great star of his East Anglia course, Ishiguro, yet again? Or that Galen Strawson hymned his *TLS* pal Alan Hollinghurst just as he did last year? Or that Karl Miller found it in his heart to speak up for his old *LRB* mucker, Andrew O'Hagan? Or that Roger Scruton chose an ancient book by his Boston U. colleague, Christopher Ricks? Or that Oleg Gordievsky revoltingly sucked up to Thatch? Or that Naomi Wolf went on about Claire Messud, her old college chum who she'd already given a jacker quote... or that... do we really care?

Still, it is nice at this time of year to note some sweet little reciprocities. Roy Hattersley chose Roy Jenkins's *Gladstone* twice ("contains insights that are only possible in a book written by one politician about another") and happily, Jenkins chose Hattersley ("compelling readability") at least once. Even more cutely Nicholas Shakespeare chose Gitta Sereny and Gitta Sereny chose Nicholas Shakespeare. Mwah! Mwah!

Adding up all this rubbish gives one surprising result. The most popular choice was a novel that made it to no prize list: *The Blue Flower* by Penelope Fitzgerald with 18 votes. Close behind was Salman Rushdie's *The Moor's Last Sigh* with 17 bien-pensant adherents (Bradbury, Bragg, Ishiguro, Amis, McEwan, Winterson, Ignatieff...) and Pat Barker's *The Ghost Road* with the same score. Philip Roth's *Sabbath's Theater* took 12 votes. *The First Man* by Albert Camus nine. Others with more than five fans were Ishiguro himself, Barry Unsworth, Nick Hornby, Richard Ford, Louis de Bernières and Robert Harris.

In non-fiction the depressing winner was Roy Jenkins's *Gladstone* with 16 boring politicos professing to love it. Gore Vidal's pompous memoirs, *Palimpsest*, attracted 13 prannets who think he's witty, Ackroyd's *Blake* took in 11 boobies, including Roy Hattersley twice again, and Gitta Sereny's *Albert Speer* found eight supporters. Also rans included *Betjeman's Letters Vol 2*, *Hidden Lives* by Margaret Forster, and *Letters from London* by Julian Barnes.

Settling on the year's ponciest citation is always difficult. In the *TLS* Clive James tried too hard by choosing books in French, German and parallel-text Japanese. Better was Patrick French's spicy combination in the *Indie*, pairing the collected works of Joanna Trollope with a study of *Old Tibetan Contracts from Central Asia* (Daizou Shuppan Publishing). John Berger went in hard too, in the *Observer*: "The outstanding book I've read in 1995 was *When Memory Dies* by A. Sivanandan, a Tolstoyan novel about Sri Lanka and its tragedies. So far no publisher has had the nerve to publish it!"

But in the end the nonce of the year just has to be Gilbert Adair. The first sentence of his selection in the *Independent* read: "This year I found myself, gratifyingly, out of step with the literary establishment." It's the economy that commands admiration. The single world "gratifyingly", so beautifully selected, placed and punctuated, somehow summarizes and encapsulates the whole preening charade that is Books of the Year. Bravo!

## PICK OF THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS

A PROSPEROUS new year beckons for Sir Edward Heath, who was so touchy about Lord Nolan's plans for disclosure of MPs' earnings, thanks to republication of *Edward Heath: The Joy of Christmas*.

The collection of rehashed carols is accompanied by a brief introduction from the former PM, reminding us not too take the Christmas message too seriously. The popular carol *Masters in This Hall*, Ted alerts us, was written by demented socialist William Morris: "The last sentence of the chorus, 'God today hath poor folk raised and cast adown the proud' may appear to some to present a false contrast all too reminiscent of 19th century do-gooding." With this health warning, Ted adds avuncularly: "But we must not let that spoil the whole carol for us."

Similarly, the otherwise "charming" *Jesus, Jesus Rest Your Head* disgracefully suggests: "All the evil folk on Earth, Sleep in feathers from their birth." If any foolish reader thinks this refers to well-heeled Tory backbenchers, pockets stuffed full of directorships, Ted thunders: "What *is* certain is that not everyone who is feather-bedded is evil." Especially if they don't have to disclose *how* feather-bedded.

## REMAINDERS OF THE DAY

**THE BOOK:** *The Prince of Wales — a biography by Jonathan Dimbleby.*

**THE ADVANCE:** Dimbleby was paid a £150,000 advance by Little Brown for the book which followed the boring TV documentary in 1994.

**THE PRICE:** Spotted in Book Fun, Swindon, to clear at £1.99.

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
ALL THESE CHRISTMAS PARTIES- HOW AM I GOING TO FIT IT ALL IN?
DIARY
WEAR A DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET AND UNDO YOUR TROUSERS
STRAIN GROAN

# THE HOLLEY AND THE GRAVY

**WHO will stop the grotesque profits spree at Camelot, where interesting figures have emerged regarding the on-line terminals on which the lottery is based?**

When Camelot directors won the contract for the lottery monopoly, they provided their own estimates for the installation of terminals. By September this year, they reckoned, they would have 15,795 terminals in place and wouldn't complete their terminals programme until the end of next year.

But now a spokeswoman for Oflot, the lottery regulator, tells the *Eye* that 18,671 terminals were in place in September. And the *Eye* hears from other sources that almost all the 27,000 planned terminals are now up and running. The lottery is at full throttle, reaping in money from 60 per cent more terminals than its own forecasts indicated would be operating by this time.

Does this worry Oflot, the accountant Peter Davies who is meant to be regulating the lottery on behalf of the public? Not at all. His spokeswoman told the *Eye*: "Camelot's targets for installing the terminals were demanding. This has been a logistical achievement. Good luck to them."

A glance at the experience of national lotteries in other countries would have established that the terminals are easy to

*ALL SMILES: Tim Holley*

instal quickly and that Camelot's forecasts for the installation of its terminals were absurdly low. Any half-efficient company could set up all the terminals in half the time Camelot forecast, and Camelot has done so to its enormous benefit.

At the end of week 55 of the lottery, the company had £409 million "accumulative retained funds". At least £113 million of that is clear profit after tax. The rate of return on investment is a fantastic 227 per cent, and always growing! It can't be long before the directors start to shell out their vast windfall fortune in dividends to their shareholders — the five big profitable companies which, into the bargain, snaffled up the juiciest Camelot contracts without putting them out to tender.

Camelot directors are already making funny money out of their monopoly. In almost all American states, state lottery directors salaries are restricted to less than $100,000. In Sweden the top lottery director gets £75,000; in Hessen Germany, £106.000; at Vernons pools the highest-paid director gets £130,000. At Camelot chief executive Tim Holley gets a package of pay, bonus and benefits of £443,367. Asked about these figures, Oflot's spokeswoman was enthusiastic. "Camelot bid the least," she said, cheerfully. "It's entirely up to them what they pay themselves."

Who in government was responsible for handing Camelot this licence to print money? Step forward Hayden Phillips, bustling permanent secretary at the department of national heritage. Phillips was trained in the treasury, where one of his jobs was to oversee the civil service catering arm, Forward. After fraud and malpractice at Forward were exposed over a 10-year period, the National Audit Office committee declared that Forward "should have been the subject of more effective oversight" by Mr Phillips. As usual, such criticism led to instant promotion: Phillips became a permanent secretary, the highest civil service rank, and got a whole new ministry, together with a whole new lottery, to supervise.

*MORE EFFECTIVE: Hayden Phillips*

# They're all going on a pension holiday

**■ MORE and more employers are taking a "holiday" from paying into their pension funds, paying nothing while their workers keep the fund going.**

NFC, formerly the National Freight Council has a lip-smacking surplus of £263 million in its pension fund, and the pensioners think it should be used to increase the basic pension of only £30 a week. The employers prefer to keep the huge surplus in the bank so they can continue their contributions holiday.

One NFC director who fervently believes in the continuing holiday is the Rt Hon Sir Norman Fowler MP. As secretary of state for pensions in the mid-1980s he led the government's move to "free pensions" from state control — a move so instantly disastrous that Sir Norman was made chairman of the Tory party.

PS: When NFC was privatised in 1982 it was hailed by ministers (including Fowler) as a perfect example of a company owned by its workers. At the time 83 per cent of the shares were owned by NFC workers. Today the figure is just over 40 per cent.

PPS: NFC has had a disastrous year with profits down from £106 million to £35 million. Everything (including 1,000 jobs) has been cut — except dividends of course.

# All points North

**■ IF MPs on the Commons trade and industry select committee investigating illegal arms sales to Iran want to avoid letting off a damp squib, as their predecessors did in 1991-92 over the supergun affair, they should call the following witnesses.**

**MICHAEL ASPIN**, former arms dealer and now manufacturer of specialised condoms in Norfolk.

Aspin was jailed for six years after a long trial in 1988 in which he and three others were accused of setting up a bogus arms deal with Iran in order to defraud banks. Aspin's defence was that the arms deal had been set up by American intelligence to release hostages in Beirut, with the full knowledge of the British government — and that the plug had been pulled on the deal at the last moment.

*OLIVER NORTH*

When he was arrested Aspin gave police the secret number in the White House of Oliver North, President Reagan's aide. North denied knowing Aspin, but could not explain how Aspin had his telephone number.

Chief witness for the defence was Leslie Aspin, Michael's brother, who said he was a CIA agent of long standing and that the deal had been set up by the then head of the CIA, William Casey. Leslie said he had met North on several occasions to discuss the deal. Another impressive witness was Andrew Hoad from Britain's ministry of defence. He said he had been approached by the defendants to inspect the weapons for export to Iran.

**JOHN TAYLOR**, another arms dealer who stood trial with Aspin and was acquitted. Taylor told the court: "This sort of deal would have been impossible without our government being involved."

**JOHN LOFTUS**, author and former US justice department lawyer.

Loftus made a detailed investigation of Col North's diaries and had access to the confidential papers of Leslie Aspin, who died in 1989. He discovered that North was indeed in Paris on 15 November 1984, the day Aspin says he and North opened special BCCI accounts for the arms deal. On other occasions when Aspin says he met North in London or in Paris, the North diaries confirm that North was there at the time. The diaries were not released until 1990, a year after Leslie Aspin had died.

In his book *The Secret War Against the Jews*, published last year, Loftus concludes that North and Aspin were working closely together on the arms deal which resulted in the 1988 prosecution. The book also alleges that one of the agents for Leslie Aspin's arms deals was Mark Thatcher, son of Britain's then prime minister, whose business number was also in Aspin's book.

In 1988 it seemed impossible that the government could be involved in illegal deals to sell arms to embargoed countries like Iran; and absolutely impossible that businessmen would be prosecuted for arms deals which ministers and intelligence officers knew all about.

After the Matrix Churchill and Ordtech cases, none of this seems remotely impossible.

THE MEDIA circus around Tony Craig, the man who wants to found a vibrant society on a desert island, has pretty well disintegrated after the last Eye's revelations about his unusual financial arrangements and his forgetfulness about his varied family history. The exception, inevitably, was the Sunday Times, the paper which will believe anything, and print it too. In the week after the Eye's revelations, Christine Toomey wrote the usual interminable puff for Tony and his dream of a "back to basics community with no crime, no envy and no suspicion". No questions, no doubts.

*You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183*

# In the City

THERE can be little doubt how Lord Young — the minister who famously brought Mrs Thatcher solutions not problems — would have responded when he was trade secretary and companies act policeman, had he been told that a public company chairman was seeking £2.5 million compensation for loss of office when he had never disclosed a service contract requiring such a pay-off.

Any contract that runs for more than 12 months must be disclosed to shareholders. So either there is no contract and no compensation — or if there is a contract then the ex-chairman and/or the company has broken the law by non-disclosure and any purported contract/compensation could be illegal.

Yet this is exactly what Lord Young is seeking to pull off with Cable & Wireless, which finally decided last month it could live without his talents after the power struggle with the also-sacked chief executive James Ross. Whether Young's former colleagues will be eager to honour a compensation claim based on a letter they claim never to have seen from a former chairman now dead remains to be seen.

More interesting in the fall-out from the C&W boardroom bust-up is likely to be the enforced examination of certain of the entrepreneurial deals brokered for the telecommunications company by Young while executive chairman. It was this dealmanship which is said to have alienated Ross and others.

Top of the list for a revisit is the extraordinary March 1994 deal whereby C&W at Young's instigation paid $39.5 million to a little known offshore company with unknown owners, their identity hidden by the secrecy laws of a tax haven, for shares in a Canadian company, with loss-making investments in the former Soviet Union, that are now worth less than half what was paid. The man who brought this deal to Young was none other than his old friend Elliott Bernerd, property man and City networker, whom Young once described as "a great deals man".

The Canadian company C&W invested in was Petersburg Long Distance, which had the main international telephone service in St Petersburg and a mobile telephone licence for Kazakhstan. Young agreed to buy 25 percent of PLD for just under $12 a share. PLD shares are now $5 — a loss approaching $23.5 million on that initial purchase.

C&W acquired this good thing by buying offshore company Navona Communications Corporation, which had been incorporated in Bermuda only six months earlier. Just who owned Navona and so shared the $39.5 million was never disclosed. C&W merely stated it had acquired the shares from "a third party".

But according to Anthony Georgiou, who put together the original St Petersburg deal and then fell out with his partners, those behind the Navona transaction were primarily Bernerd together with his close associates George Devlin (legal adviser to Ernest "Alzheimer" Saunders) and property bust-out Paul "Boom Boom" Bloomfield, plus assorted shadowy figures.

The London-based Georgiou is well versed in the Russian way of doing business. He has friends in very high places. Georgiou is currently involved in George Walker's latest venture — beaming British horse races to Soviet punters, a somewhat riskier bet than Walker's previous gambit peddling cigarettes.

For months after the C&W deal went down Georgiou was threatening to sue PLD and Bernerd for money he claimed was due following the Navona purchase and a PLD deal in Moscow. He claimed C&W had greatly overpaid for PLD as well as making a series of other more serious allegations. Then suddenly all was silent. It appeared that Georgiou had either tired of complaining or, more likely, been satisfied.

The little that is known about the Navona deal suggests that what Georgiou claimed may not entirely have been sour grapes or fanciful. Consider these facts.

PLD, then NWE Capital, was controlled by the inappropriately named Rupert Galliers-Pratt, for whom there are few City fans among former investors, and his long time friend, the now bankrupt Lord Beaverbrook, whose fortunes, like those of "Boom Boom" Bloomfield took a massive hit with the demise of the United Dutch property group.

Georgiou had had previous dealings with Galliers-Pratt and Beaverbrook and saw injecting PeterStar, the St Petersburg telephone company, into NWE Capital as a means of realising part of the Russian venture. PLD acquired a 50 percent stake in PeterStar in October 1992 for $20.7 million paid in cash ($5 million) and PLD shares (later placed by Smith New Court) from Georgiou's company Tiller International. The remaining 50 percent was held by Russian interests and Tiller associates. It is claimed C&W was offered a piece of the St Petersburg venture early on but preferred to go it alone ending up with a less lucrative local licence.

PLD shares rose throughout 1993 reaching a high of $13. According to the Georgiou version, late in 1993 he proposed a joint deal to Bernerd whereby various other telecom deals in the former Soviet Union could be packaged together. Bernerd was to put in up to $25 million to finance the licences. One of these suggested deals was for a mobile licence in Kazakhstan. Bernerd did not agree to a deal and there was much argument about the funding. Instead Georgiou claimed Bernerd cut him out and arranged a deal with PLD and his old chum David Young. Bernerd needless to say disagrees.

In mid-December 1993, two months after its inception, Navona agreed to sell 50 percent of the Kazakh licence to PLD for shares worth $30 million. One disputed estimate suggested that the cost of the licence was only $1 million. This deal gave Navona 20 percent of PLD.

PLD's half interest in the Kazakh licence came through buying from Navona another offshore (British Virgin Islands) company, Wireless Technology Corporations. However, at the time the PLD deal was agreed no Kazakh licence had been issued. This was not granted until February 1994. WTC was acquired the following month, six days before C&W agreed to acquire Navona.

On 10 March 1994 PLD announced that it was to acquire a further 9 percent of PeterStar with the financial help of Navona which was to subscribe for more PLD shares plus $15 million in a debenture. The extra PeterStar shares were acquired on 25 March for $8 million — $5 million now and the rest in six months. The $5 million came from Navona, which was allotted PLD shares at $9 each.

But in fact the tab was effectively picked up by C&W. For 24 hours before the PeterStar deal was done C&W, courtesy of Lord Young, agreed to acquire Navona for $39.5 million effectively paying close to $12 a share for 880,000 of Navona's 3.38 million PLD shares that Navona had agreed to buy but not bought for $9!

Since March 1994 C&W has poured even more millions into PLD and its underlying ventures to little effect as the PLD share price reveals. It now holds a 33 percent stake.

But after the boardroom bust-up perhaps it is time for C&W shareholders to be given the answers to several extremely pertinent questions about the Navona deal that Lord Young was so eager to do he subsequently became a PLD director. Questions such as:

Who received the $39.5 million paid to Navona's secret shareholders? What resources did Navona have to enable it to buy the Kazakh licence and the PeterStar shares? What price did WTC pay and to whom for that licence? Did Navona invest any money in the two PLD deals or was it all effectively paid or guaranteed by C&W? Was it always designed for Navona to flip the deals to C&W and in that case why did C&W not do the deals itself? How was the Kazakh licence valued at $30 million — the deal that mostly justifies the $39.5 million paid for Navona? Why did C&W pay $12 for shares Navona had not yet bought for $9?

As and when such information is provided C&W shareholders will be able to satisfy themselves that they were not taken for an expensive Russian ride. If they were, then that would be one more reason — apart from the lack of any legally disclosed contract — why Lord Young should not receive a golden goodbye.

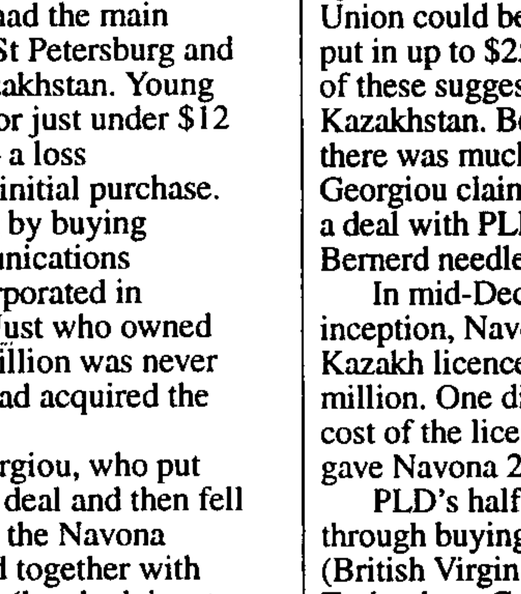
***'Slicker'***

## JUST FANCY THAT

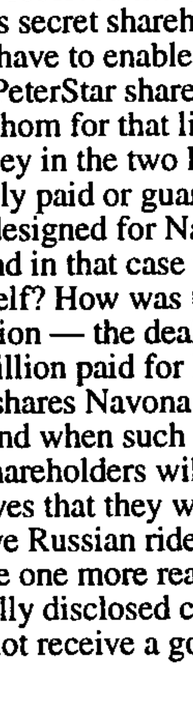
● "Kenneth Clarke is expected to pull off a stunning political coup in Tuesday's Budget, stealing Labour's thunder by imposing his own one-off £3 billion windfall tax on the privatised water and power companies" — Anthony Bevins and William Keegan, *Observer*, 26 November.

● "Today's Budget will bring a sensational income tax cut of 3p in the pound, moneymen were predicting last night" — Trevor Kavanagh, the *Sun*, budget day morning.


A PRIVATE EYE

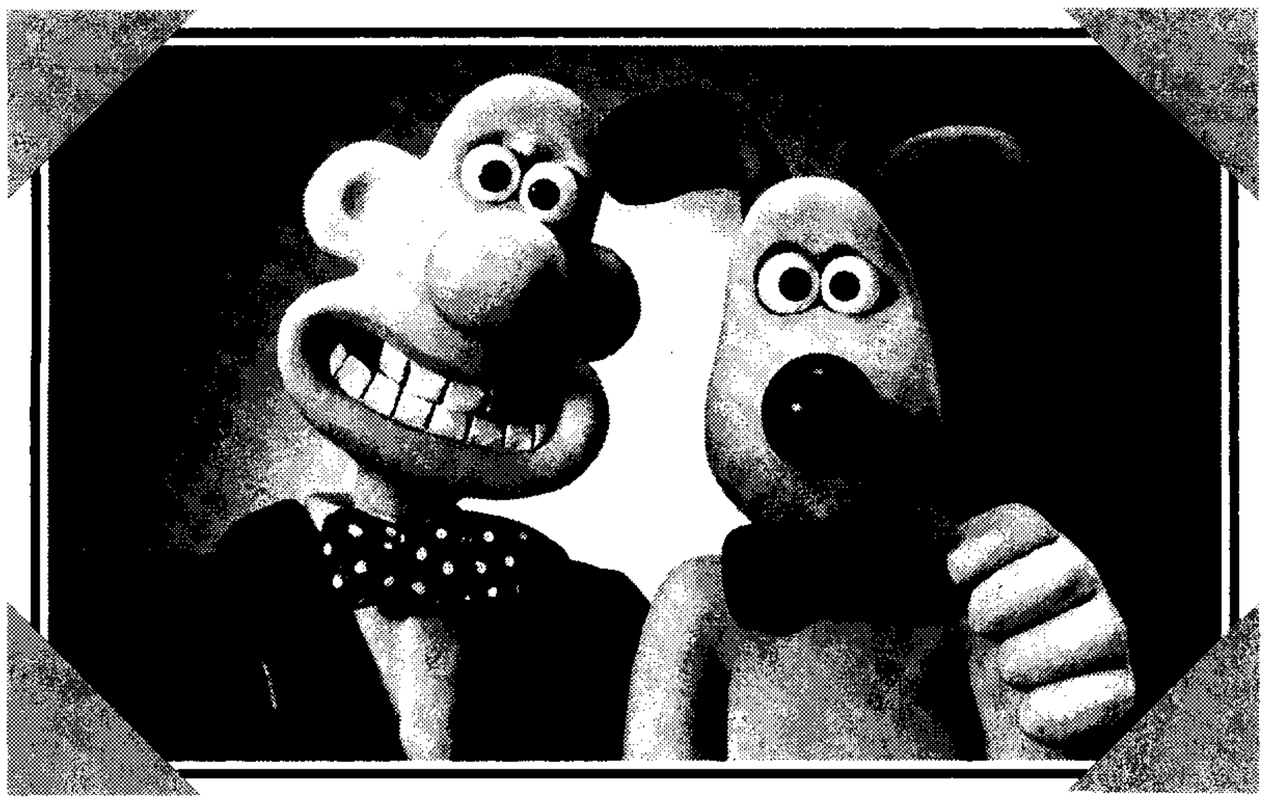


The MALT



The MACALLAN EXCLUSIVELY, IS MATURED IN SHERRY SEASONED OAK CASKS TO IMBUE IT WITH THE UNIQUE NOSE, COLOUR AND TASTE THAT MAKES IT The MALT

# If you'd like to see more of the stars from The Wrong Trousers, make sure you read the right paper.



Wallace and Gromit's new cartoon strip. Every Saturday in The Daily Telegraph, starting December 16. Don't miss it. Or their new film "A Close Shave," on BBC 2 Christmas Eve.

Life. If you want the right trousers, take **The Daily Telegraph**.

# specialEYEs

## meeting people

**SIRiUS**

The Intelligent Person's Introduction Agency

*The* ***Local*** *service operating* ***Nationwide*** *for the intelligent, articulate and well-educated*

*Join the* ***Largest*** *agency with personal interviews and* ***BS 5750***

*24 hr information* ***Freefone*** **0800 374451** *brochure line*

| *London* | *North West* | *Scotland* | *North East* |
|---|---|---|---|
| **(0171) 256 6123** | **(01625) 860924** | **(0131) 225 3606** | **(0191) 383 2224** |
| *South West* | *West Midlands* | *Yorkshire* | *East Midlands* |
| **(0117) 942 9500** | **(0121) 704 0200** | **(01904) 611621** | **(0115) 924 1113** |

*FREEPOST 305 London EC1B 1SY Office hrs 8:30 am to 10 pm 7 days a week*

**Verve**

INTRODUCTIONS

RING NOW FOR DETAILS

**0800 413 473**

Verve is a tradename of Audiotex Solutions ...td

EXCLUSIVE INTRODUCTIONS FOR DISCERNING PROFESSIONALS IN YOUR AREA

Verve

## personal presents

**the Phone Café**

**INSTANT CONNECTIONS**

**OPEN 24 HOURS A DAY**

**0891303171**

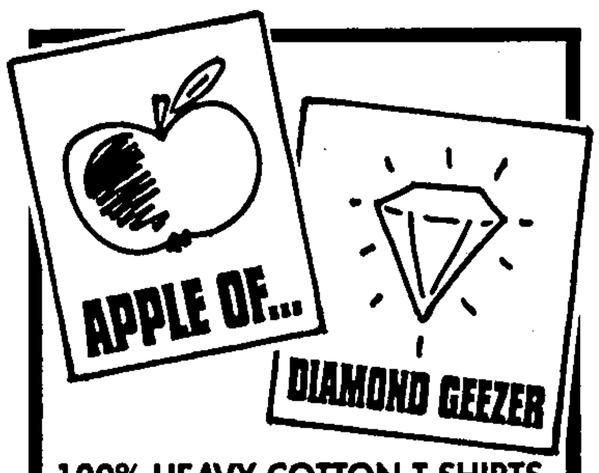
Calls Cost 39p/min cheap rate. 49p/min all other times
TPC. Box No 28, 93 Cowcross St, London, EC1M 6BH

**A PRIVATE EYE**

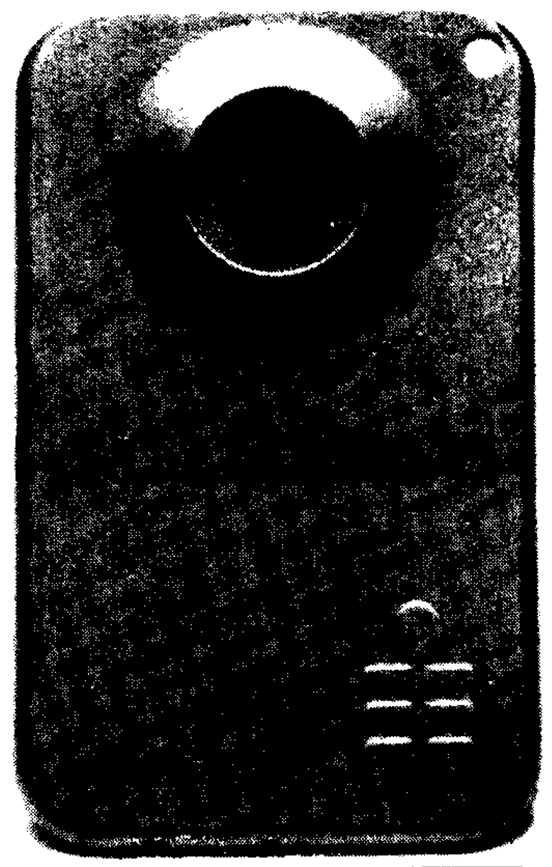
**SUBSCRIPTION**

**ONLY £17 — see back cover**

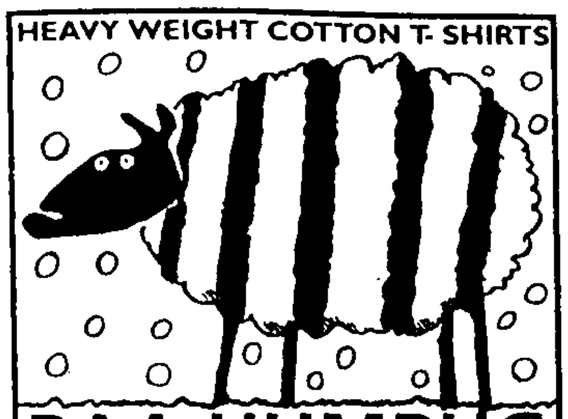
## christmas gifts




**100% HEAVY COTTON T-SHIRTS**
BLACK ON WHITE
Small/medium/large/xlarge
**ONLY £10.99 + £1 p&p**
Chq/PO to: BERTS DESIGN,
97-99 Dean Street,
London W1V 5RA.
Tel/Fax 0171-935-4540
*OTHER FUN DESIGNS AVAILABLE!*



HEAVY WEIGHT COTTON T- SHIRTS



**BAA HUMBUG**

XL- MeD only £11.99 inc

chq/PO payable to
cardpressed design

10 Browns La. Dordon B78 1TL
01827 899561 for Catalogue

THE PIPE BY SILVER PALM LEAF AB

TEL :: 0181-884-9229

**NUT TANK ATE PA**

(ne t'inquete pas - don't worry)

*There's still time to order your Christmas copies of ...*

**How to Insult the French in their Own Language**

An Eye reader who bought a copy from our last advertisement ordered a further 25 the morning it arrived. Just one of many repeat orders from delighted punters. Buy yours today.

**It's The Perfect Stocking-Filler !**

£3.99 net (eh?) + £1.00 p+p from p&p publishing, PO Box 13, 101 Clapham High Street, London SW4 7TB or order from your bookshop. ISBN 1 900282 00 3

Did you know that **"Camilla Parker Bowles"** anagrams to **"I'm Palace balls worker"**, **"Madonna Louise Ciccone"**, **"Occasional nude income"** and **"William Shakespeare"**, **"I am a weakish speller"**!?

These are just some of the victims of **Anagram Genius** for Windows. To find out what your name or those of your friends, colleagues and enemies reveal you can buy a copy for **only £19.99!!** (+£1.65p&p) (Needs a 386 or better, Windows 3.1, '95 or later)

This highly acclaimed software has been **featured on national Television** and Radio 4's *Loose Ends* and described as **"Mindblowingly extraordinary"** by *The Evening Standard* and **"Tremendous Fun"** by *The Daily Telegraph*

Also available: **Anagram Genius** the book: 100's of the best anagrams illustrated with cruel caricatures by Tony Healey (**only £4.99!!**)

Credit card orders : **0151 356 8000**

(or send a cheque to Genius 2000 Software, Dept P, PO Box 2, Ellesmere Port L65 3EA)

**Camilla Parker Bowles**
**I'm Palace balls worker**

## catering

**Balls!**

**buffets, banquets, barbecues ... and more**

*michelle's catering*

Ten years experience in quality catering -
- superb food and service at sensible prices
Tel.0171 838 9868; 01491 578682
Fax. 01491 410856

**THE INVISIBLE COOK**

Dinner or lunch cooked while you relax with your guests.
After theatre suppers.
Vegetarians catered for.
Working lunches.
Buffets for Christmas parties.
Everything freshly cooked, nothing frozen.
Seasonal changing menus.
Cooked in your kitchen and mine.
***I cook, you serve.***
**JULIE HAMILTON**
**Telephone/fax 0171 431 8177**

## travel

**THE SHELTONS**
charming
**Serviced cottage-apartments**
Assured quality
Independence with maid service
Nightly reservations
**Great Snoring, North Norfolk 01328 820597**
Rural peace close to heritage coast

## services

**SPEECHWRITING SERVICES**

**CORPORATE • SOCIAL • POLITICAL**

*Fully Customised and confidential*

**MAKE EM LAUGH OR NO FEE!**

**Emergency Speeches Undertaken**

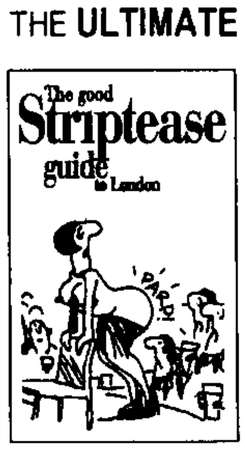
***Britain's leading Professional***

**MITCH MURRAY**

**01624 622660**

Access - Visa - Mastercard

THE **ULTIMATE** STOCKING FILLER!




*"More useful than the A-Z"*
**Loaded Magazine**

Entertaining and informative handbook for aficionados of erotic dance. Full details of clubs, pubs, opening times, prices, frequency of performances, etc.
*Cartoons by Husband*

**Includes personalised greetings of up to 10 words if specified.**
Plain wrapper guaranteed!

Cheques/POs for £3.99 (+£1 p+p) payable to:
Tredegar Press
Dept P
PO Box 4830
London SW11 4XQ
(or order from bookshops ISBN 0 9525564 99)

**EDIBLE MEN'S BRIEFS!**
Wear them with pride!
**ALSO ANNOUNCING EDIBLE BRAS!**
£9.95 each.
Payable to: ORCHID,
148c Crwys Road, Cardiff CF2 4NR.

**POSSUM FUR NIPPLE WARMERS**
*An instant fur-lined bra!*
**FOR SHE WHO HAS EVERYTHING!**
"Guaranteed delivery for Xmas"
Only £5.99 inc p&p *OR* 2 for £9.50 inc p&p
*OR* 3 for £12.00 inc p&p
Tel 0181 871 1314 Fax 0181 877 1940
Chq/PO to: GOSLINGS, The Business Village, Broomhill Road, London SW18 4JQ

Don't forget only 4 more issues until

**VALENTINES DAY!**

Call now to place your ad:

♥ ♥ ♥ IRENE 0171 437 2717 ♥ ♥ ♥

# PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

## Classified Lineage Advertisements

## £1.50 per word

## 0171 439 1151

Deadline for Friday 29th December issue —
☛ **Thursday 14th December**

**QUOTE**

*"Saint Nickerless..."*
Anne Summers
Christmas window display

**DEAR DADDY** and Seena, Happy Christmas, Love The Gang of Two.

**A. MISS YOU** so much. As ever. D.

**HELLO HONEY,** you are the best, all over every-where. And I miss you so. Yours always.

**G.R.J.D.** — Come home. Love, Snugglybugs.

**SPEECHWRITING** by Mitch Murray. See Page 32.

**PERSONALISED COLOUR** calendars from your photos. Ideal Xmas Gift 0161 236 5404.

**"NAUGHTY CRACKERS"** — for any sort of occasion, Stag/Hen/Office/Xmas/Dinner Parties — any number. Brochures on request. Telephone: 01323 833138.

**NUDE PARTY GAMES** make your party go with a swing. (64pp A5 hilarious cartoons.) £2.99 + £1 postage. Send for our list and special offers. PENDULUM GALLERY PRESS, 56 Ackender Road, Alton, Hants GU34 1JS.

**TAROT BY POST** — intelligent readings, beautifully presented. Ring 01636 525836.

**LUSCIOUS LIPS** plaster toothbrush holder, £10. Sent immediately. 0181 923 5465.

**CARTOON PORTRAITS** — Phone ALAN, 01202 433716.

**WHO CALLED?** Do you dial 1471 and then hunt through your address book to find out who called? Use "1471 Finder" to avoid the hassle. Ideal stocking filler for PC owning friends. Needs Windows. £9.99 dispatched First Class within 48 hours. Phone 0181 938 3515.

**LOVE-BYTES!** Charming dictionary definitions of your favourite pet on a T-shirt or sweat-shirt. Horse, cat, etc, from £11.99. 01604 675476.

**PERSONAL HOROSCOPES** — £9.95. Send sae for details to 109a Chevening Road, London NW6 6AD. 0181 964 3668.

**HATE CHRISTMAS?** Join the "Christmas? Bah, Humbug!" Club! As seen on TV. PO £5 JOHN RICHARDS, 63 Camden High Street, NW1 7JL.

**CLAYSHOOTING** lessons/gift vouchers. ABACUS CLAYSPORTS, Gatwick 01293 821741.

**KISSOGRAM/STRIPOGRAM** — 0171 603 6042.

**IMPRESSIVE CERTIFICATES** made to order. SAE: PL QUINN, 54 Murat Street, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8QW.

**MARC CATLEY** "Make the Tea". Parodies of Evangelical Christian Music, as heard on Radio 4. CD £111, cassette £6.50: SANDCASTLE PRODUCTIONS, Freepost, London E7 0BR. 0181 534 8500.

**CARICATURE PRESENT** — give someone a caricature of themselves by known caricaturist. 01303 249648.

**PERFECT GIFT** — Personal horoscope — astrological/psychological profile. Yearly forecast from £12. Consultations also available. Telephone: 0181 858 8342.

**ECO SHIRTS** & Bags — great Xmas idea. Free catalogue: AVALON, Glen Road, Hindhead, Surrey GU26 6QE.

**XMAS SEX SHOCK** Scandal! Expose your friends with a Daily Stun joke front page. Tel: 0161 456 2028.

**PAGAN YULETIDE CARDS** — Odin, Thor, Ostara etc in FULL COLOUR. Mixed set of 12 £8 inc p&p. Free catalogue on request. 01825 764707. PLANET PRINTS, Unit 30, Bellbrook Industrial Estate, Uckfield TN22 1QL.

**FLOWERS DIRECT** — Fresh, silk, or dried flower bouquets and arrangements from £9.75 delivered. 0500 99 66 99.

**MAGIC BY POST** — Britain's No.1 magic and tricks catalogue sent free. Tel/fax: 0117 977 4334 24 hours or write: MAGIC BY POST, 167 Winchester Road, Bristol BS4 3NJ.

**NAME A STAR** for the one you love. International Star Registry allocates and registers name of your choice in USA & Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £55 inclusive. Call Freephone 0800 212493 or write ISR, Freepost, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

**FLY BOEING 747** Jumbo Jet Simulator. Gift vouchers avail. Tel: 01444 484778.

**SHENINGTON GLIDING** Centre — from £15 for a single flight — up to £400 for a year's flying or until you go solo. Ideal Christmas present. BRIAN: 01295 688010, PO Box 230, Banbury OX16 9FS.

**007 IN W11** — L'ARTISTE ASSOIFFE helps you Roger Moore — the perfect romantic restaurant. Nottinghill — 0171 727 4714.

**BEAT THE GROCKLES** — use The Way Out Tube Map. £1.70 from DRUMHOUSE, Clehonger Mill, Hereford HR2 9TQ.

**GLASS EYES** — your very own real private glass eye, probably Edwardian. £8 each. 01672 851070.

**A TITLE FOR A TENNER?** Oh yes! Details from SURVIVAL, Gayfield, Arbroath, Scotland DD11 1DJ.

**BIRTHDATE / ANNIVERSARY** newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800 906609.

**MARVIN HANGLIDER** at the Purcell Room, South Bank, 22 December. Enquiries 01372 743230.

**BALLOON SAFARIS** around London/South East — gift vouchers. 01784 451007.

**TEACHERS — DOCTORS** & Nurses — firemen — flying ducks — cops & robbers: SAE for wall-plaque catalogue: INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. (Access/Visa) 01273 606240.

**LIVE CARICATURISTS!** — 0181 520 7262.

**CARICATURES?** Wendy 01548 810468.

**BALLOON FLIGHTS** Berks/ Hants/ Herts/Oxon/Surrey and over London! £115 — ADVENTURE BALLOONS 0181-840 0108.

**QUALITY DRINKS** by post. Next day delivery nationwide. Gift boxed, personal message card. Champagne, spirits, wines. From £15.95 delivered. A TOAST BY POST, Credit Card Hotline 01232 661122.

**STAG/HEN PARTY** badges fun — embarrassing! 01202 397070.

**WALKABOUT MAGICIAN** — 01380 850 453.

**BALLOONAGRAMS** — 01362 697481.

**CARICATURES** from photos. 01327 359213.

**GIGANTIC BALLS** — 01570 493275.

**TREES BY POST** — 01570 493275.

**ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING** printed onto a T-shirt, 01524 841286 (daytimes). Bulk/trade enquiries welcome. "Arthur Fowler is Innocent"/"Free the Walford One" (£10).

**FLYING, GLIDING,** helicopters, VINTAGE BIPLANES, ballooning, simulators, SKYDIVING. Introductory gift vouchers from £51 valid 100+ locations nationwide. Free brochure. ACORNE AIR SPORTS 01494 451703.

**SWASHBUCKLING SHIRTS** — handmade 100% cotton — £25 plus p&p. FREE brochure 01203 687544.

**THIS XMAS** — Give an original newspaper dated day they were born. £19.95 including free 1895 Times! 01492 531195.

**WORRY EGGS,** spheres, pyramids — onyx, marble, natural, Himalayan. From £10. Info: 01292 287387.

**PIRELLI CALENDARS** — '84-'93. Offers 0171 924 4800.

**OLD PERSIAN RUGS** — Mostly £100-£3,000. Shed not shop, telephone first, DESMOND NORTH, East Peckham, Kent. 01622 871353.

**SPANKING!** We're giving the competition one, with these amazing deals: remote-control CD players from under £60; Teac cassette decks at just £59.95; top-name 35-watt amplifiers only £59.95; £££s off other systems and hundreds of other top-brand hi-fi separates too, all at crazy prices. RICHER SOUNDS, Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hrs) for your FREE 52-page catalogue/price list.

**EVERGREEN HYDROPONICS** (UK) distributor Europe: ECO family nutrients (dry/liquid) plus lights/kits/accessories for your every need. (Brighton) 01273 623136.

**LOGS DELIVERED,** London. 10 sacks £55. 0181-691 4984.

**CALLCATCHERS VOICEMAIL** — Your own unique number, ten mailboxes, automatic callback of all messages, ten talking diaries, all for only £4.99 per month! Call 01625 862000 Brochureline anytime. (Ref: PE/01028).

**PERSONAL TELEPHONE** numbers for life — cheaply! 0374 560 646.

**MICHAEL HOROVITZ'S** Jazz Paintry is at Rico's, corner Chepstow Rd/Westbourne Grove, W11, from 5 Dec-3 Jan, 8am-11pm, £150-£1500. For details of Horovitz/New Departures publications available, send large SAE to MH/ND, PO Box 9819, London W11 2GQ.

**DISCREET T/V** offered room in large family house 15 mins London BR. 0181 656 4953.

**PAINTER/WRITER** (N/S21M) seeks quiet living/working environment London (Zones 1/2) unglamorous. Suggestions? Box 2587.

**CLEVER DICK** Investigations, ex-directory numbers obtained. 0181 207 5040.

**PHONES TAPPED?** Premises bugged? FINDERS COUNTER SURVEILLANCE 0181 203 1904.

**ENIGMA INVESTIGATION** — discreet personal and commercial enquiries. 0171 207 4000.

**LEARN TO DRIVE —** beautiful North Wales £295 inclusive hotel. Ring 01492 545101.

**SPANISH CONVERSATION,** exam preparation 0181 761 5129.

**LEARN TO DRIVE** Courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS (01492) 531517.

**CARTOONING** made simple. The Cartoon School video takes you from Matchstick men to masterpieces in one hour for just £16.99. Ideal Christmas gift. Phone/fax 01423 887880.

**LEARN TO DRIVE —** Intensive residential courses. 01594 543863.

**LEARN TO DRIVE —** five day course with test. 01202 666001.

**LEARN TO DRIVE.** Intensive. 01492 548918.

**SPANISH** one-to-one — 0378 340537.

**CARTOONING —** SAE: DOCHERTY, 6A West Court, Paisley PA1 2XF.

**CARICATURES —** Learn How. 01303 249648.

**SINGING LESSONS —** 0181 527 3363.

**FASCINATING ADIs —** new video: "Becoming A Driving Instructor" features 18 male and female instructors talking frankly about their profession. £25 inc. p&p from INSTRUCTOR TRAINING & PUBLICATIONS, PO Box 10, Liphook, Hampshire GU30 7TL. 01428 751660.

**ACHIEVE SUCCESS** and happiness in life business and work. New book shows you how. SAE to: SS PUBLISHING, 5 Manor Drive, Scotton, Knaresborough, N York HG5 9HX.

**CAN CCJs BE** removed? Not always! For just £20.00 we advise action plan. All charges explained in free details. RODNEY MYERS, PO Box 397, Oxford OX1 4AF. Tel: 01865 200025, fax: 01865 726545.

**ANYTHING CHINESE —** we provide business contacts (mainland/HK/Taiwan) translation service, interpreters, publications, recordings, introductions, anything. Fax: 01423 536427.

**FREE OUT-OF-PRINT** book finding service — telephone 01737 216708.

**YOUR MAN** in Italy — British business consultant, for research, contacts, info, etc. Tel/fax: 0039 11 935 8124.

**LIMITED COMPANIES:** £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

**PERSONAL PHONE NUMBERS** for life. Call diversion nationwide. Low rental. No call charges. 0956 700835.

**BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION —** 01482 658701.

**HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL** mailing address and interesting range of low profile privacy-related services & products. FREE info sheet call: 0181 556 2979.

**GIRLS LIKE US** Ltd — for stunning feminine images, whatever your age or size. Trust the experts! The only make over and photographic studio specialising in feminisation. For details of seasonal offers call now on: 0171 359 2289, confidentiality guaranteed.

**PENSIONS, MORTGAGES, ET AL** The unvarnished truth www.demon.co.uk/moneyweb/

**ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS/** Secretarial, Confidential — exceptional - inexpensive. POSTHASTE, Croydon 0181-688 8144.

**ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS:** discreet/confidential mail/message-holding service. REGENT STREET 0171 580 4242.

**SPEECHWRITING** by MITCH MURRAY. **See Page 32.**

**PROFESSIONAL** let you down? We deal with Professional Negligence — including solicitors. Call Robert Festenstein — Solicitor on 0161 799 1731.

**SUPEREFFECTIVE CVs/** applications compiled/refreshed. 01985 214670.

**FENG SHUI CONSULTANT —** excellent results, reasonable fees. 0171 834 0081.

**SIMULTANEOUS FAX** Broadcast. Faster response, easier to manage and more cost effective than Email or Mailshot. FAXMAN 0973 296 605.

**ANYTHING AMERICAN —** We find/send publications, CDs, recordings and business contacts. ASHTON, PO Box 40, Harpenden, Herts AL5 4PZ.

**SECRETS REVEALED —** legally obtain a second passport. Avoid taxes, lawsuits and travel freely, bank in total secrecy. Tax havens explained — become a successful legal tax exile! Free brochure and newsletter: SCOPE (Box 5385), Forestside House, Rowlands Castle, PO9 6EE. Tel: 01705 631751. Fax: 01705 631322.

**TOP PRICES PAID** for quality collections — coins, medals, bank notes, etc. 01223 863672.

**PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER —** prohibited by bookies — proof to this publication — will supply information. Tel: 01273 733586.

**CH. DUBRAUD PREMIERES** Cotes de Blaye AC 1993 red. Direct from owner. £47+VAT per case of 12 75cl bottles delivered anywhere UK. Superb everyday claret from Bordeaux. Tel: 01535 636644, fax: 01535 634398.

**JITTERBUG JUKEBOX** hire for Christmas, Parties, Weddings, Corporate functions... delivered/collected. Phone NICOLA 01707 274834.

**BACKBEATS ROCK 'N' ROLL** band available for your event 0181 533 0545.

**JUKEBOX HIRE** for parties. Delivered/collected. Choose from 1600 hits 1950-1995. Prices from £103 also sales. 0181 318 2852.

**DO YOU BELIEVE** or have you witnessed a miracle? Have you experienced spiritual/faith healing as patient or practitioner? Contact Zoe at BBC TV 0161-244 3337.

**PSYCHIC CONSULTANT** seeks Central London base, 01772 457 081.

**WANTED —** List of all current Lloyd's of London external members (Names). Names, addresses, preferably on disc. Cash paid. Contact M.J. ROBINSON, telephone: 0161 434 5225, fax: 0161 446 2065.

**I AM LOOKING FOR** a good clear recording of THE LAST NIGHT OF THE PROMS 1995. Either video or audio cassette. Name your price. Box 0283.

**AIRMILES —** 01273 689578.

**NOT JUST THE** photographer. Seeking more challenging long-term project. Will travel. 10 yrs media employment. Excellent refs, p-folio, help! Box 1287.

**T-SHIRTS —** any slogan. 01736 66248.

**JAMES REMOVALS.** Household and office. Storage and packing. 0171 431 1713.

**IRISH REMOVALS —** owner driver UK - Ireland weekly. 01232-838111 anytime.

**STUFF MOVING —** London area — 0181 299 1398.

**MOVING EXPERIENCE —** 0181 964 1977.

**SPEEDYMOVES —** 0181 568 6957/ 0181-569 9452.

**MAN TO MAN** therapy groups for men. RICHARD LANG: 0171 267 0188.

**PSYCHIC MEDIUM —** personal consultation, 01772 436517.

**TELEPHONE COUNSELLING**
— a practical, affordable, powerful alternative. Free trial available.
**Call**
**THE ALEXANDER GROUP's psychologists on 01545-560402.**

**CONSULTANT** Hypnotherapist — Harley Street. Stress, panic attacks, eating disorders, confidence, sexual problems, smoking etc. Telephone JESSICA RICHARDS 0171 935 0023.

**EYES 138 BOUND —** 1979-1986 offers 01865 68369.

**75 EYES —** 1965 to 1972, 017375 55139 (eves).

**COLLECTOR WANTS** to purchase Edward Heath's Ugly Mug, produced by the Eye in mid-sixties with design by William Rushton. Box 1187.

**EYES 535-880,** 11 missing. Offers. 01622 813808.

**155 EYES —** 402-666. Offers 01293 536189 SEAN.

**SANTA SCREEN SAVER!** £4.95. 01484 460070.

**COMPUTER TROUBLE?** Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and trouble-shooting — and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 0171-229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

**ADVERTISE ON THE NET**
We create and publish advertising and other content on the World Wide Web.
Reach a potential audience of millions, whether aimed at the export market or the UK.
**INTERVID. Tel 0171 497 8179.**
**Fax 0171 828 8218.**
**E-mail info@intervid.co.uk**
**URL: www.intervid.co.uk/intervid**

**THIS IS INTERNET** Full Internet access (WWW, email, newsgroups etc) £12.50 per month. Instant 0181-677 6966 or 0181-664 6000.

**PENTIUM POWER —** 01273 621842.

**ANAGRAM GENIUS —** amazing computer software turns "Michael Portillo" into "a cool limp Hitler", "Selina Scott" into "Elastic snot". See page 32.

**FED-UP WITH ALL THE** Christmas parties? There's nothing nouvelle about our cuisine. For fab food — L'ARTISTE ASSOIFFE Restaurant Francais, Notting Hill, 0171 727 4714.

**STUFFED FOR A** good choice for your Christmas/New Year Party? L'ARTISTE ASSOIFFE Restaurant Francais, Notting Hill, 0171 727 4714.

**OFFSHORE:** secret bank accounts, companies, trusts, second passports, much more. Book £20. VISA/MC 01626 336004, fax: 332524.

**COUNTY COURT** Judgements legally removed. Re-establish your credit rating. Tel MARTIN, TURNER, ROBERTS & CO, 01276 687667 or fax 0181 640 1183 for free details.

**CCJs & DEFAULTS LEGALLY** removed permanently even if not satisfied. Plus Full Credit Secrets Handbook. ACS 0181 688 9550.

**PRESTIGIOUS COMPANY CARS** for small and new businesses. Easy payment terms on second user models with full maintenance. From Cavaliers to Porsche to Lexus. NO PGs. Call us at DUNCTON LEASING on 01798 343850.

**VISA/MASTERCARDS** — Everybody accepted. Deposit required. 0171 362 5035.

**DIRECTORY OF COMPANIES** providing no credit check mortgages, loans, vehicle finance, plastic, cellphones, etc. Pages of firms listed, all non-status. £15, B. GROVE, 43 Brook Street, Stourbridge, West Midlands.

**ALL YOU NEED** to know about "E". ECSTASY and the DANCE CULTURE. £11.00 inc 320pp. Visa/Access. Send for catalogue: KNOCKABOUT, Dept P, 10 Acklam Road, London W10 5QZ.

**SOMEWHERE NORTH** Of Watford — hilarious stories in traditional music hall rhyme. So funny you can almost taste the black pudding! £4.95 including p&p. Cheques/PO to ZZAPPED! PUBLISHING, 145 Breedon Street, Long Eaton, Notts.

**BANKRUPTCY EXPLAINED** — The Bankruptcy Association's practical new guide covers the effects of bankruptcy law on individuals in every country in the UK. It can be obtained by return of post for just £7.95 (post free). Send a cheque or postal order to: THE BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION, Eye Offer, Freepost, 4 Johnson Close, Lancaster LA1 1BR. Telephone: 01482 658701.

**IN PURSUIT OF** Lewis Carroll. Ideal gift for those fascinated with the puzzle of Lewis Carroll. In this beautifully produced and illustrated paperback book (19cm x 24cm) Sherlock Holmes and the author uncover fresh evidence including a newly discovered poem. Author Raphael Shaberman, published by Greenwich Exchange ISBN 1-871551-13-7, price £14.99. Order through your book seller, or direct (add £1 p&p), cheque with order, from CENTRAL BOOKS, 99 Wallis Road, London E9 5LN or from IAN HENRY PUBLICATIONS LTD, 20 Park Drive, Romford RM1 4LH.

**PETER SUTCLIFFE** was the Copy-Cat Ripper who confessed to the Ripper's murders also. For the controversial 270 page fully illustrated book send £6 COURT PUBLICATIONS, Ballinahowen, Athlone, Ireland.

**"BACK"** — The Housekeepers Diary — startling and titillating revelations; a must for all royal watchers. Unique Christmas present! Rush £29.95 incl p&p to VILLAGE SHOP, Main St, Malahide, Co Dublin, Eire, for immediate delivery.

**THOUGHTS FOR** Christmas. John Michell, "An Orthodox Voice". Short and provocative, mentally therapeutic and often very funny, these 24 essays (from John Michell's Orthodox Voice column in The Oldie) sweep away the fads and delusions of modern thinking, activating the influence of that natural and ever-true philosophy which has long been suppressed and is now almost forgotten. Price £5.95 inc p&p from JAM PUBLICATIONS, Upper Butts, Brentford, Middx TW8 8DF. Tel: 0181 560 6969.

**INDIAN LADY,** 30, needs financial help/support. Box 3486.

**DISABLED FEMALE** postgraduate needs £98,000 to keep home after desertion by adulterous husband. Please help. Box 1387.

**HELP!** I'm stuck in Bolton. Box 1487.

**A CARING YOUNG** man desperately needs £4,500. Please help, otherwise suicide. Box 1587.

**YOUNG MAN,** good degree, IT/libr. skills, URGENTLY needs money, good job and accommodation, London. Please contact Craig: 0181 946 9616.

**RECEIVING £50,000** would completely change my life. How much would giving it really change yours? Box 2787.

**CASH-STRAPPED WRITER** — rent unpaid, insolvency looming, desperately needs £10,000 to fund latest book and keep hopes alive. Please help. Box 3087.

**EXPLORE WORLDWIDE** — Our superb new brochure will open your eyes to the adventure of a lifetime. Madagascar, Albania, Japan, South Africa, Iran, Vietnam, Yemen... Plus 160 tours, treks and expeditions in Europe, Middle East, Asia, Africa, Australasia, Americas. Small groups. 1-5 weeks. Tel: 01252 344161 (24 hrs). AITO/ATOL bonded.

**SAILING THE** Turkish Coast. Fun loving crewed yacht — offshore sailing — inshore watersports — waterski and windsurf — novices and children welcome. Tel: 01245 473061 9am to 9pm.

**BUKIMA AFRICAN** Adventures from 25 days and 30 weeks, departures every month, prices from £450. For brochures and details of video shows phone 0181 451 2446 anytime.

**ACTIVITY HOLIDAYS** — including Golf, 4x4 Off Roading, Quad Biking, Canoeing, Mountain Biking and 2 nights DBB. All packages tailor-made, minimum party size 6. For details telephone: 01432 352666.

**COTSWOLD GLIDING** Club. Five-day holiday courses inclusive of all flying and instruction. Prices from £235. Brochure tel: 01285 760415.

**PRAGUE CENTRAL** Hotels £17pp, flight £139 (ATOL 2620). Budapest Hotels £17pp and flights £157. Vienna Hotels £26, flights £149. AUTO PLAN 01543 257777.

**SPANISH ADVENTURE** — walking and exploring holidays in the wild sierras of Albarracin. Telephone/fax: 0034 78706089, Box 2, Albarracin 44100 (Teruel), Spain.

**ECONOMIC EXPEDITIONS** — Budget overland African expeditions, 6-27 weeks. £360-£1,410. Tel: 0181 995 7707.

**AFRICAN TRAILS** — overland camping safaris, 4-27 weeks. 0181-742 7724.

**JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA:** Low-cost flights, tailor-made and escorted group tours. ATOL, AITO, ABTA fully bonded. Telephone — Tours: 0181 747 8315. Flights: 0181 747 3108.

**FLY YOURSELF!** Get your British Pilot's Licence. Three weeks fully inclusive in Florida £1995. Details 0800 892133 2pm-11pm.

**SYMBIOSIS** —"when two entities live together to mutual benefit" —for travellers who aren't intellectually challenged. SYMBIOSIS EXPEDITION PLANNING: Adventure & Special Interest in South East Asia. Tel: 0171 924 5906, Fax: 0171 924 5907.

**OVERLAND ADVENTURES** in Africa, Asia and Americas. Nairobi to Harare 5 to 15 weeks. UK to Nairobi/Harare 20/26 weeks. UK to Kathmandu 9 to 15 weeks. Turkey, M. East, Egypt 5 weeks. India 3 to 10 weeks. The Americas 3 to 26 weeks. For brochure: DRAGOMAN, 8 Camp Green, Debenham, Suffolk IP14 6LA. 01728 861133. AITO bonded.

**AFRICAN SAFARIS** — 4 to 19 weeks camping adventures. For the best value gamewatching and sightseeing telephone PHOENIX OVERLAND. 01509 881818.

**TRUCK AFRICA** — intrepid camping expeditions. 2-27 weeks. 0171 731 6142 for brochure.

**CORNISH CLIFFTOP** holiday home. Overlooks sea and sandy beaches on Roseland peninsula. Phone 01424 838404.

**IDYLLIC STONE** country cottage in North Northumberland — wood burner etc. — good rates. Telephone 01665 579348.

**FLORIDA-KISSIMMEE** — Luxury villa 3 beds/2 bath, own pool, on private development. Available for Jan '96 onwards. Tel: 0191 2858375.

**SOMERSET** – Glastonbury town-centre cosy cottage for holiday lets. Double bedroom, single bedroom, overlooking abbey, short walk High Street, Tor, Chalice Well. Brochure: 01234 211606 (often answerphone).

**WORLDWIDE LOWEST** prices allegedly! Tel: 01942 603599/680268. Fax: 01942 670868. Agents ATOL Holders.

**BEST FARES?** OTS. Tel: 01702 461222.

**FLIGHT OPTIONS** — Tel: 01432 851062. Fax: 01432 850722. HENRY ROGERS ATOL3793.

**LOW COST WORLDWIDE** flight specialists. Please call 0171-287 1222 IATA/ATOL.

**MARGARET'S PEN CLUB** — make new friends today. Age groups, 16-76. All areas, SAE dels: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ.

**PENPALS WORLDWIDE** for new, interesting friendships, maybe more. Sample photos free! HERMES, Box 110860/S, D-10836 Berlin, Germany.

**MAMMAS 'N' PAPPAS.** Nurses to barmaids, our ladies have a child. Many own home and car. We need male partners NOW. 0181 769 6805.

**"THIS PICTURE-DATING** idea is brilliant." — Capital Radio. Photo-introductions sent to you — successful service for professional people. 0171-839 8884 (day) — 0181 297 1424 (any time).

**1000 PRETTY GIRLS** worldwide seek friendship, romance, marriage. FREE colour photo brochure: CORRESPONDENCE CLUB, '70/PE, Box 8177, Rotterdam, Holland.

**LONDON SINGLES REGISTER** — 0181 767 6014.

**REFLECTIONS PENFRIENDS** 01276 62901.

**TREASURES OF SIAM** — Thai Marriage Bureau, confidential service. 100 Minster Road, Westgate, Kent CT8 8DG, fax: 01843 831962.

**HEDONISM PARTIES** — decadent, uninhibited, exhibitionist, funloving risqué party animals, sae: PO Box 153, Greenford, UB6 8LY. 0181 575 2052.

**SUMAN MARRIAGE BUREAU** — (Est. 1972) Mixed Asian/European introductions arranged. Telephone 0181 574 4867. ABIA.

**KIWIS SEEK** British penpals, write to: R STEWART, Box 214, Aberdeen.

**PASSIONATE, WITTY,** Welsh wag (34) seeks lady for usual pursuits (Cardiff/Bristol). Box 3585.

**HAPPY WIDOW,** enterprising, attractive, newly London-based, seeks stimulating male companion, 55-60. Box 0587.

**FEMALE SCIENTIST,** 31, seeks intelligent, outgoing man, 25-40, over 5'10" for nerve wracking blind date. London. Box 0687.

**NAVAL OFFICERS** seek seasonal salutations, saucy scribblings and snapshots from sexy sirens. Box 0787.

**ATTRACTIVE BLONDE** woman, 30s, successful media job (but not media type), would like to have dinner with an interesting man. Please send note and pic. Box 2287.

**PIP WITH GREAT** expectations seeks Estela. Pip mid-30s, 5'6", single, athletic, useful, seeks Estela, 25 to 30, in the Thames Valley, South-East. Letter and photos appreciated. No Miss Havishams. Box 2487.

**SANTA BABY** — All I want this Christmas and 1996 is an intelligent, tall, compassionate n/s (grey-haired?) man of distinction, either in showbiz, or with interesting international lifestyle, to compliment and spoil this tall, blue-eyed, sensual, stylish, Caribbean/European, Shirley Bassey-like, no-ties lady in her 50s. Photograph essential please. Box 2687.

**LONELY WANDSWORTH** entrepreneur, 28, more Doberman than Pekinese seeks long walks and good winalot from suitable bitch. Prefer quality pedigree (no Dalmatians). Box 2887.

**TALL, HANDSOME,** eclectic, Taurean man, 33, busy in the arts and in finance in London, would love to meet affectionate, balanced, enthusiastic, beautiful (blonde?), perhaps professional (doctor, lawyer?) Cancerian lady. Can anyone help? Box 2987.

A HEART-WARMING OFFER FOR WINTER
3 EYE LOVE ADS FOR THE PRICE OF 2
FOR DECEMBER AND JANUARY ONLY!
QUOTE: "LOVE OFFER" WHEN BOOKING


**ATTRACTIVE, GENEROUS,** good-humoured normal male, 51, own successful Oxon-based business, happily tied to wife unable to get away due to family commitments, seeks female friend who might similarly prefer to share occasional breaks and/or winter sun with someone else rather than alone. Box 4585.

**VIETNAM, THAILAND,** Philippines, Indonesia — I've got the places — have you got the balls? Adventuress seeks adventurer. Box 0187.

**MALE, 32,** educated, travelled, but professionally committed, seeks female friend (25-35) for mutual support, fun and intimacy without usual obligations. Box 0287.

**ARTICULATE, ARTISTIC,** attractive, affectionate, slim, blonde, longs for intelligent, handsome, caring n/s man, 40ish, to sweep her off her feet. Warwickshire. Photo essential. Box 0387.

**LADY, 40s,** seeks professional and educated man. Box 2187.

**FANCY ATTENDING** adult parties, but partner uninterested. Attached male (42, London/SE) WLTM attractive lady for discreet adventure. Life should be fun, live it now. Box 0887.

**FEMALE, 27,** attractive, intelligent, seeks soulmate. Photo please. Box 3886.

**POSITIVE, ENERGETIC,** imaginative man, 35, failed veggie, slightly silly, eclectic tastes, seeks sparky, petite woman for fun, romance, intellectual sparring. London. Box 3986.

**PAUL, 32, GSOH,** told good-looking, running successful company, seeks discreet liaison with career/married lady London/50 miles. Box 3286.

**VIVACIOUS, PRETTY,** erudite continental lady is seriously looking for a life partner 35-45. Attached do not need to answer. Box 3386.

**WITTY, SEXY FEMALE,** 22, seeks fun and friendship with gentleman. Any age. PO Box 104, Lichfield, Staffs WS14 9GN.

**SUCCESSFUL MALE,** full of middle eastern promise. Laughter guaranteed. Box 0987.

**HANDSOME (SHE SAID!)** older man, bereft of beautiful girl, seeks fill void. Choosy (QED) prodigally loving. W Mids. Box 1087.

**ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL** girl, 34, looks younger, gsoh, seeks similar man with ambition, charm and caring nature. Box 1687.

**MALE, 49,** City professional, over 6 feet, slim, fit, non-smoker, attached. Interested in travel, painting, cinema and eating out seeks attached female 35-55 for sincere friendship. Discretion assured. London area. Box 1787.

**MAN, MARRIED** but unsatisfied, 42, rich, shameless, slim, discreet, hung like Canary Wharf, wicked tongue. Urgently needs mistress with long legs. London area. Box 1887.

**ATTRACTIVE BLONDE** woman, 30s, spending too much time at work, wants to spend more evenings out at cinema, restaurants, etc. All letters answered. Photo appreciated. Box 2387.

**WELL SET UP** establishment married man seeks sympathetic London based similar lady for amusing long lunches et al. Let's exchange photos. Box 1987.

**MALE, 54,** smoker, solvent, solitary, seeks buxom co-operative lady. Box 2087.

**SOMEWHAT KINKY** boy (very discreet) seeks somewhat kinky girl (ditto), twenties, for occasional romps and outings. Box 0487.

**BLONDE, BEAUTIFUL,** 25/35 yr career girl sought by dynamic sporty good-looking 38 yr businessman — genuine — photo reciprocated. Box 4485.

# PRIVATE EYE SMALLS – CLASSIFIED LINEAGE ADVERTISEMENTS

## 6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG

**£1.50 PER WORD**
**£3.20 PER WORD CENTRED**

*YOU CAN*
DICTATE YOUR AD WITH CREDIT CARD:
**0171 439 1151**

*YOU CAN*
USE THE FORM TO MAIL OR FAX YOUR AD:
**0171 437 0705**

*WE OFFER*
A BOX NUMBER FORWARDING SERVICE TO NON-BUSINESS ADVERTISERS FOR AN ADDITIONAL £8

*WE OFFER*
GENEROUS SERIES DISOUNTS
10% FOR 6 ADS / 15% FOR 12 ADS / 20% FOR 26 ADS

THESE PRICES INCLUDE VAT

QUERIES & GENERAL INFORMATION
**0171 439 1141**

NAME, ADDRESS & TEL NO: _____

_____

_____

_____

Send your advertisement to arrive at least 10 days before publication date with cheque/postal orders or ACCESS, VISA, SWITCH number. Do not send cash.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |

☐ BOX NUMBER REQUIRED

CONTINUE ON SEPARATE SHEET IF NECESSARY

CARD NUMBER:

EXPIRY DATE: ISSUE NUMBER (SWITCH):

CARDHOLDER'S SIGNATURE:

_____

# Warning: this magazine contains beef

**The new issue of *Granta* is all about food. It comes just in time for the eating season. And it comes to you *free* with this special offer.**

**How does it taste? As good as you would expect from 'the most impressive literary magazine of its time'. Including:**

■ GRAHAM SWIFT: powerful and moving new fiction about the life and death of Jack Dodds, butcher, Bermondsey.

■ JOHN LANCHESTER on the gourmet you wouldn't want to meet in a dark restaurant (although his recipe for Irish stew is sublime).

■ JANE ROGERS: inside the mind of an anorexic.

■ J.M.COETZEE and MARGARET VISSER on meat: addiction to it, abhorrence of it.

■ JOAN SMITH on cannibalism.

■ SEAN FRENCH on the Icelandic way with puffin and other exotica ('I like parts of animals with improbable tastes and textures . . . the tang of urine in kidneys . . . the blancmange consistency of veal's brain').

■ Plus: **Chitrita Bannerji** on what Bengali widows cannot eat; **Romesh Gunesekera** on his father and the food of Marco Polo; **Norman Lewis** as an eye witness to the failure of aphrodisiacs; and **Andrew O'Hagan** on how it all ends: a day trip on the Glasgow sewage boat.

**INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

You can buy *Granta* for £7.99. But with this special offer you'll get 'Food' FREE (while stocks last) then, every three months for a year, another 256-page issue of the best new writing (fiction, autobiography, reportage, polemic) will be delivered to your home, for just £19.95. And if you don't like *Granta* we'll eat our words and give you a full refund.

**'How much more fun it is to open fat *Granta* than one of those thin, starved magazines of new writing.' *Guardian***

**'*Granta* is, quite simply, the most impressive literary magazine of its time.' *Daily Telegraph***

GRANTA

**You are what you read**

50% OFF

❑ YES: I'd like to try *Granta*. I'll get 'Food', free, then four more 256-page issues of *Granta*, for just £19.95, a 50% saving on the £7.99 bookshop price. If I don't enjoy 'Food' I can cancel, and my money will be refunded in full (and I don't have to return 'Food').

❑ Optional extra: I'd also like the 712-page *Granta Book of the American Short Story*, normally £7.99 but with this offer I pay just £5.99.

NAME ..... ADDRESS .....

..... POSTCODE .....

TOTAL PAYMENT* £ _____ by ❑ Cheque (to 'Granta') or ❑ Creditcard (Visa, Mastercard/Access, American Express)

Signature: ..... Card no ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ Expiry date ☐☐☐☐

✉ Return, free in the UK, to Granta, Freepost, 2/3 Hanover Yard, Noel Rd, London N1 8BR

☎ Or phone/fax creditcard orders, free in the UK: FreeCall 0500 004 033

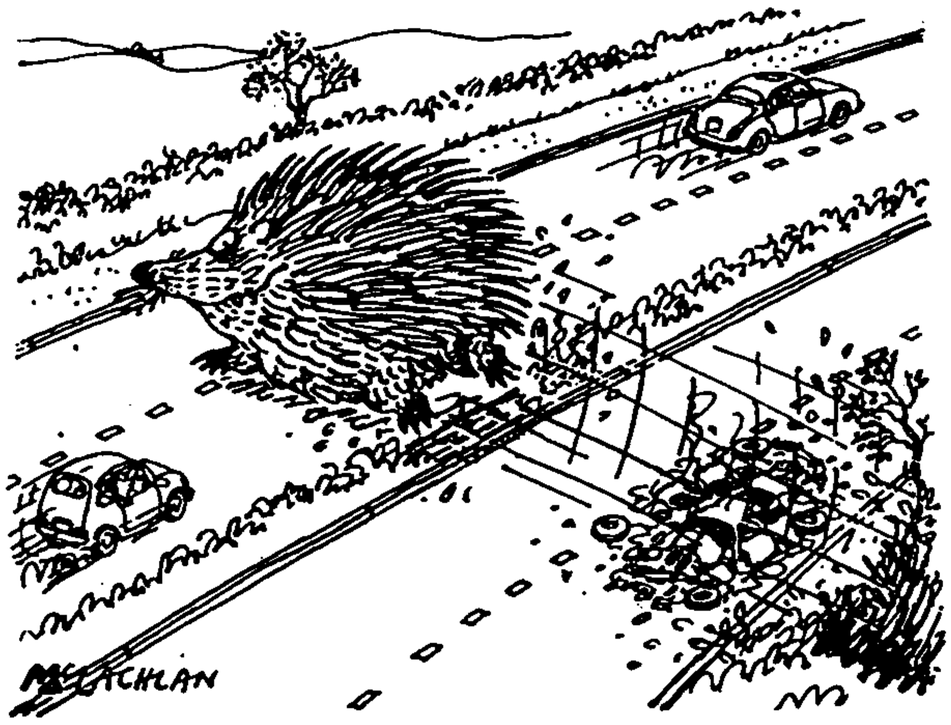
Please tick this box if you would prefer *not* to receive occasional promotional mailings from other approved organizations.❑

*There is no additional postage within the UK. For Europe (including Republic of Ireland) please add £8. Overseas, please add £15.

95M1PEYF

# IT'S NOT TOO LATE, IF YOU'RE QUICK, TO GET THE

## PRIVATE EYE CARTOON DIARY 1996




# FOR CHRISTMAS — the perfect present.

**A chunky 5¾ x 4½ hardback pocket/desk diary — with over 50 'Eye' cartoons and all Private Eye's publishing dates.**

**ONLY £5.99 inc p&p — direct from Private Eye.**

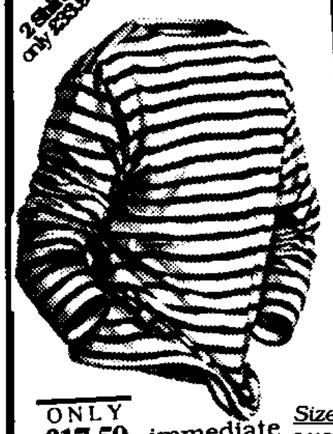
**Just phone 0171 223 8193 (24hrs) with your details.**

**☛ ORDERS SENT BY RETURN.**

---

2 Shirts only £55.00

## The Original Breton Shirt



The Traditional Breton Fisherman's working shirt. Made from 100% knitted cotton. So comfortable - they're addictive !

*Cols:* Cream/Navy
Cream/Green
Cream/Red
Cream/Burgundy
Cream/Light Blue
***NEW*** Cream/Royal Blue

ONLY **£17.50** +£1.45 p&p

immediate dispatch

*Sizes:* S(34-36'), M(38-40'), L(42-44'), XL(46-48'), XXL(50')

*Cheques/P.O.s:*
**The Breton Shirt Co, Dept (PEX) PO Box 15, Brampton, Cumbria, CA8 1RB**
*Credit Cards:*
**016977 41936**
or fax 016977 41937

## The Breton Cap

ONLY **£13.95** +£1.55 p&p

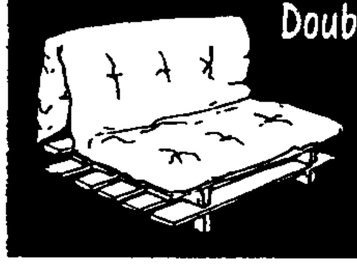
The Classic navy fisherman's hat.

*Sizes:* 6¾ 6⅞ 7 7⅛ 7¼ 7⅜ 7½

---

# FUTON EXPRESS

Futon Designers & Makers for Over a Decade!



Double SOFABEDS from £99

***IMMEDIATE DESPATCH***
***FAST NATIONWIDE DELIVERY***

Payment by VISA-ACCESS-SWITCH
DELTA-CONNECT-CHEQUE-ETC
***Send large S.A.E. for Colour Brochure***

Showroom: 23-27 Pancras Rd London NW1
Tel:0171 833 3945 Fax:0171 833 8199
Also at: CLAPHAM, CATFORD & CAMDEN LOCK
(Camden Lock open Sundays! 0171 284 3764)

---

THE FUNNIEST WAY TO WIND UP A FRIEND!

*Call one of the numbers below, put it through to a mate - then wait for the reaction!!!*

MR FURY 0336 426 381

MY DAUGHTER'S PREGNANT 0336 426 382

YOU OWE THE TAX INSPECTOR 0336 426 383

IRATE DELIVERY DRIVER 0336 426 384

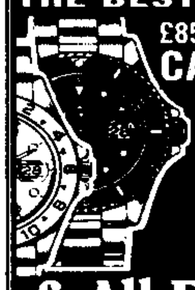
LOVERS AFFAIR EXPOSÉ 0336 426 385

Jokelines, PO Box 43 Warminster Wilts BA12 7RJ
Calls cost 39p/min cheap 49p/min other times

---

# ROLEX WE BUY

THE BEST DEAL GUARANTEED



£850 MIN. FOR CURRENT MODELS
CASH PAID INSTANTLY

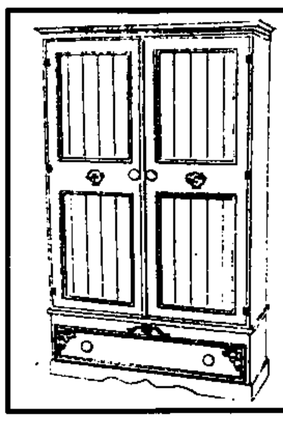
**JEWELLERY**
ANTIQUE / MODERN
**SILVER ITEMS**
PREMIUM FOR SETS & SIGNED PIECES
**DIAMONDS**
**& All FINE WATCHES**

Bassange
Jewellers since 1950

7 HATTON GARDEN
LONDON EC1
TEL: 0171 242 3152
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

BRING IN OR SEND REGISTERED POST
BUY • SELL • EXCHANGE • GREAT VALUE

---



**ANYTHING IN PINE**
Any shape any size.
Beds from £125
Wardrobes £350
Chests £250 Tables £175
All hand made and hand waxed
5yr Guarantee. Est.10 years
**THE PINE WORKSHOP**
148 Marlborough Rd
London N19
Open Sat only 10-5
Free brochure
**Ring 0171 281 3848**

---

**JACK DUNCAN CARTOONS & BOOKS announce an Exhibition of Recent Original Cartoons from**

# PRIVATE EYE

Dredge, Austin, Newman, NB, Ken Pyne, Husband, Robert Thompson, Fantoni, RGJ, Cluff, Mike Turner, Berkin, John Kent and many more. All at affordable prices, they make great Christmas presents.

**December 11th to end January**

## JACK DUNCAN Cartoons & Books

44 Museum Street, London WC1A 1LY
Tel: 0171-242 5335

**Open Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 10-5**

---

Learn to fly a

# HELICOPTER

"PROBABLY THE MOST LIBERATING EXPERIENCE IN THE WORLD"

Call now to book a: available as a gift
**Trial Lesson** .....(£95 inc vat - briefing + ½hr flight)
**Introductory Course** .....(£440 inc vat - briefings + 2½hrs flight)

Heli Air Ltd: Training Sales Self Fly Hire
R22 R44 Bell206 Enstrom Hughes 300&500

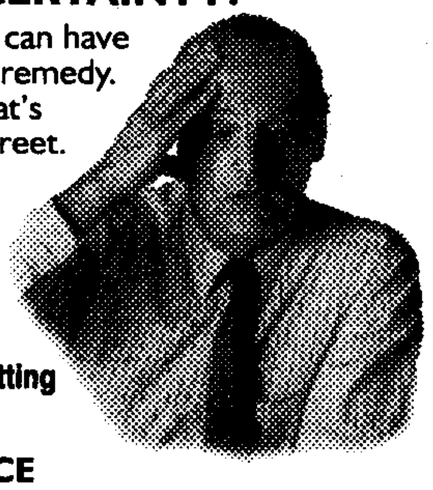
Nr London: Denham Aerodrome - Jn1a M40, Jn16 M25, Tel. 01895 835899
Nr Birmingham: Wellesbourne Airfield - Jn15 M40, Tel 01789 470476

---

DISCREET

# SURVEILLANCE

**EQUIPMENT ENDS UNCERTAINTY!**



Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy. Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly, discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.

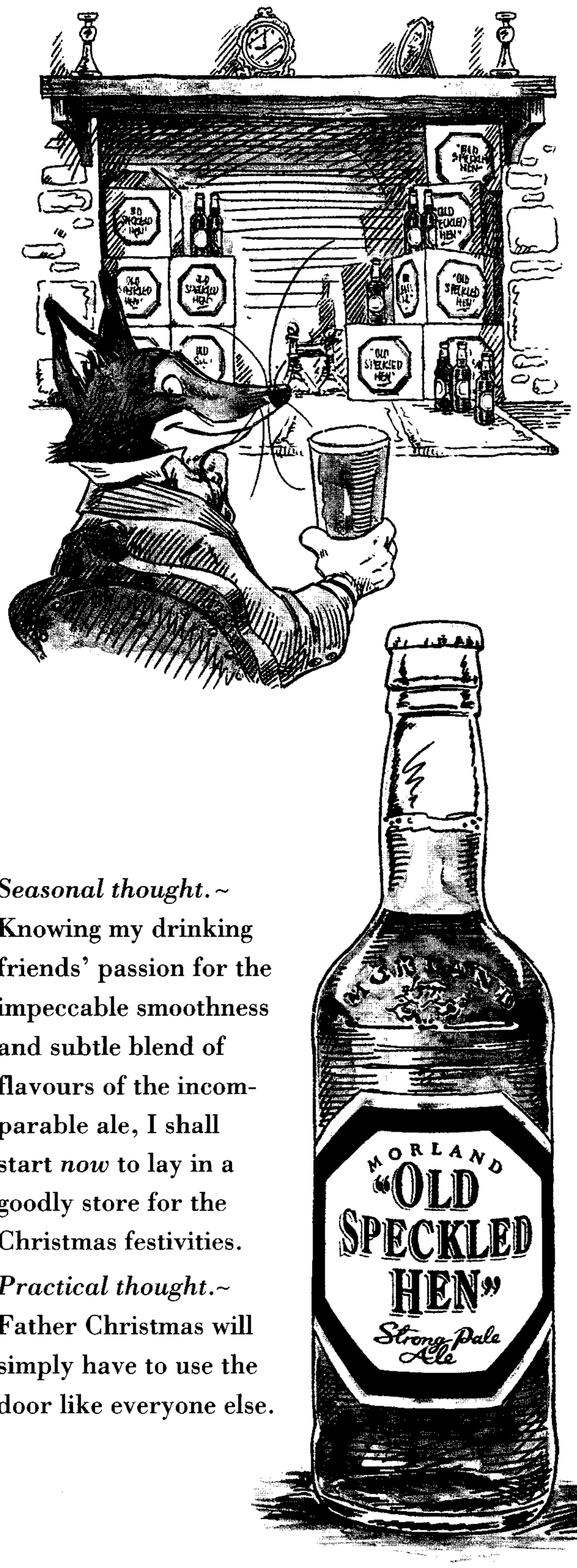
**■ UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters ■ Body Wires and Wire Taps ■ Radio and Computer Controlled Systems ■ Specialist Receivers and Recorders ■ Recording and Transmitting Briefcases ■ Counter Surveillance Equipment**

**LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE**
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW

**0181-558 4226**

**PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS**

# Hunting for Perfection~




*Seasonal thought.~*
Knowing my drinking friends' passion for the impeccable smoothness and subtle blend of flavours of the incomparable ale, I shall start *now* to lay in a goodly store for the Christmas festivities.

*Practical thought.~*
Father Christmas will simply have to use the door like everyone else.

## "OLD SPECKLED HEN"

*When you've a thirst for tradition*

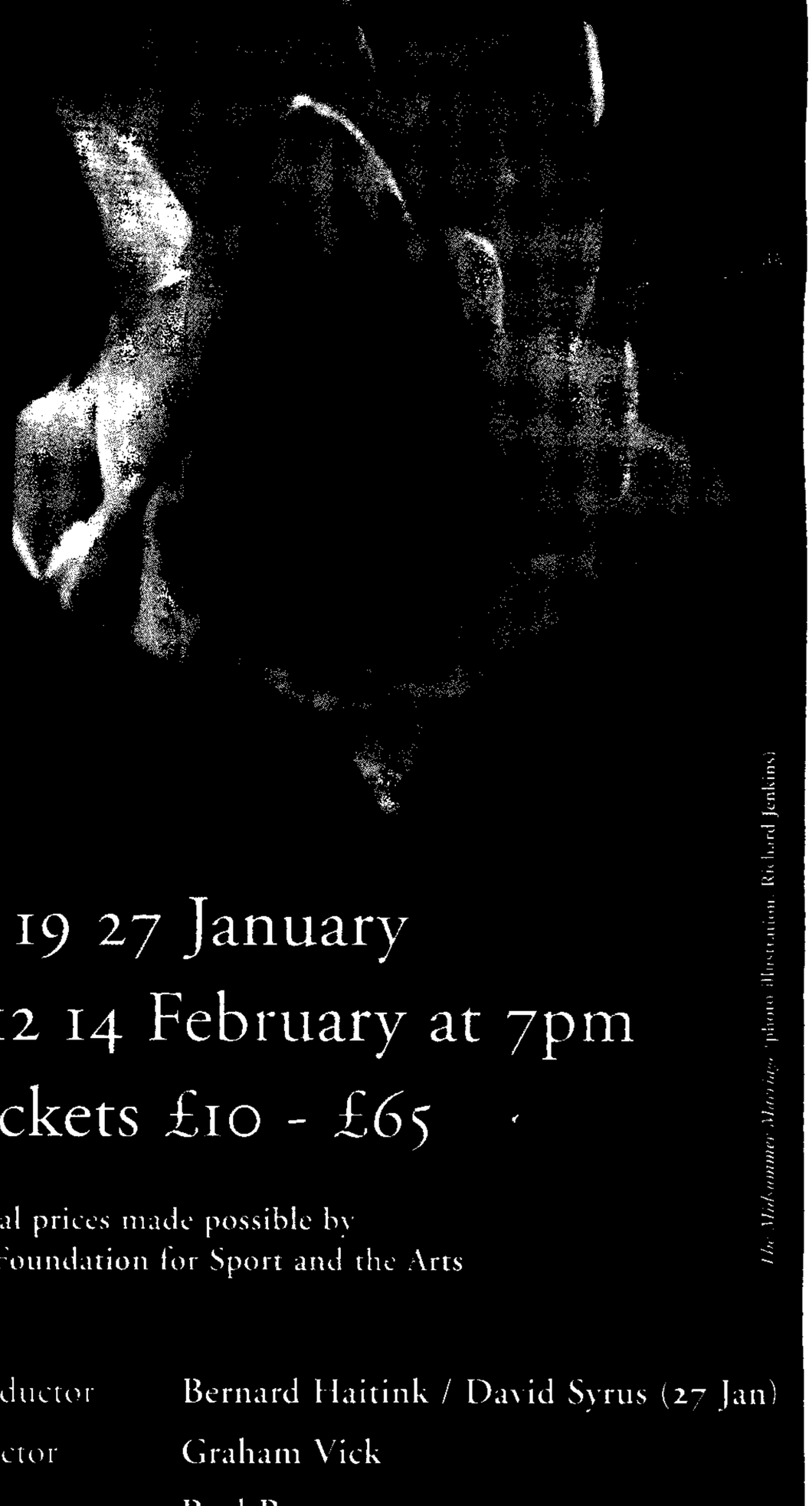
Brewed by Morland of Abingdon. Est'd. 1711.



Royal Opera House
Box Office 0171 304 4000

Tippett
*The* Midsummer Marriage

New Production



16 19 27 January
8 12 14 February at 7pm
Tickets £10 - £65

Special prices made possible by
The Foundation for Sport and the Arts

*The Midsummer Marriage* (photo illustration: Richard Jenkins)

| | |
|---|---|
| Conductor | Bernard Haitink / David Syrus (27 Jan) |
| Director | Graham Vick |
| Designs | Paul Brown |
| Lighting | Wolfgang Göbbel |
| Choreography | Ron Howell |

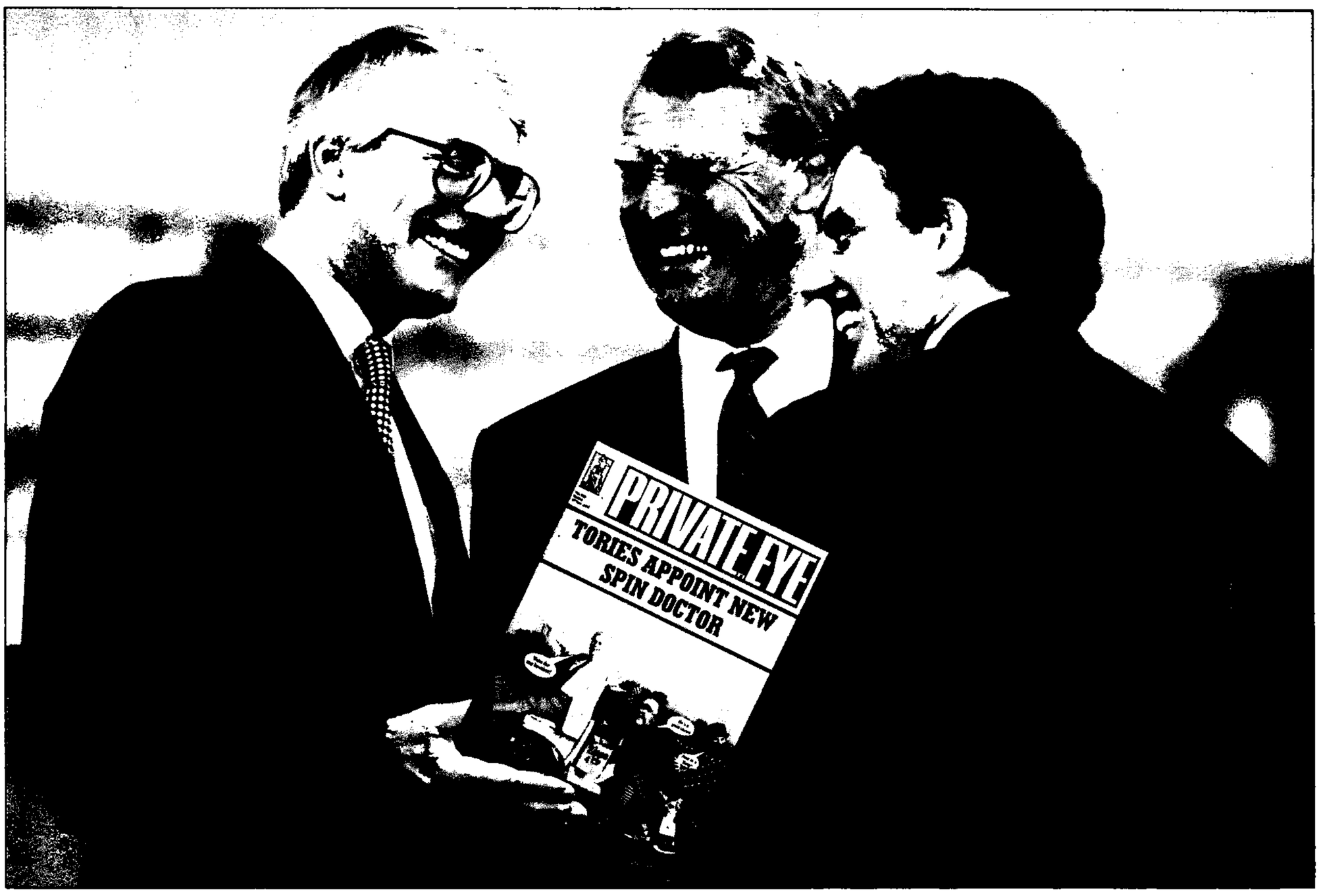
Sponsored (1996) by
The Robert Gavron Charitable Trust

Funded by ARTS COUNCIL

# PRIVATE EYE

No. 887
Friday
15 Dec. '95


# BE POPULAR!




*(Shome mishtake shurely? Ed)*

# GIVE A FRIEND
## A SUBSCRIPTION FOR CHRISTMAS
## *It's only £17!*

**Just inform your friend or relative and fill in the form below *or* telephone 0171 228 0425 / 0171 738 1249 (24hrs) with your credit card details and leave the rest to us.**

*To: **PRIVATE EYE SUBSCRIPTIONS**, Mortimer House, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE*

*Name of **NEW SUBSCRIBER** (please print) .....*

*Address .....*

*..... postcode .....*

*Please send PRIVATE EYE to the above person for one year starting mid-January 1996. I ENCLOSE £17 (for overseas rates see under Gnome)*

*or by ACCESS/VISA Number ..... Expiry date .....*

*My Name (please print) .....*

*Address .....*

*..... postcode .....*

9 770032 888044 49>

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1. 0171-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11. 0171-223 9971